Vol. III JULY 1923 No. 10

The Beaver

A Journal of Progress

Marigolds

Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

"The Men of the Hudson's Bay"

—OLDTIME FUR TRADE OFFICERS OF THE "GREAT COMPANY"

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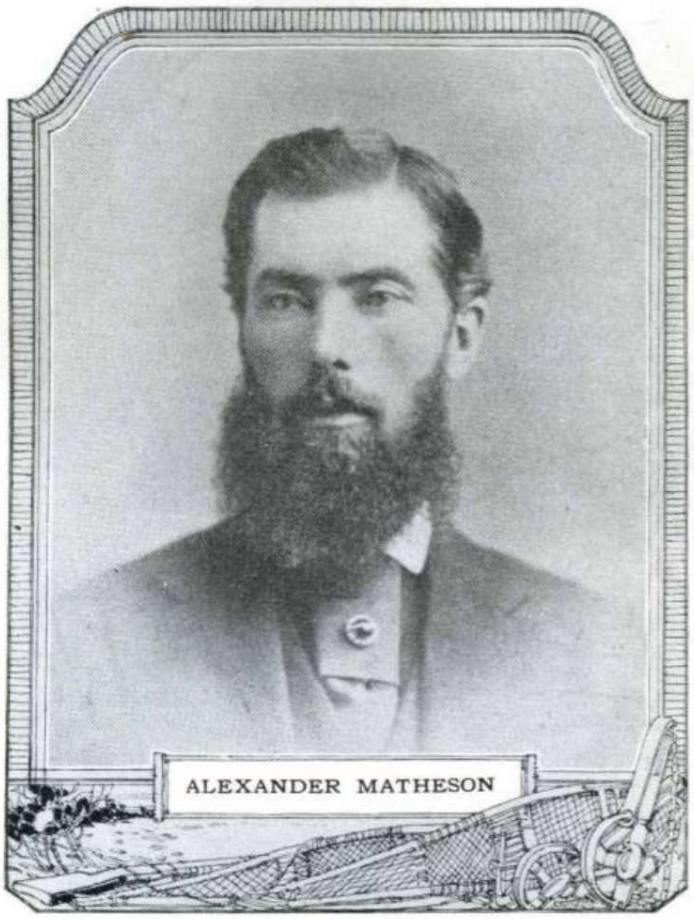


FACTOR ALEXANDER MATHESON entered the Service as an apprentice clerk in 1862. He was made junior chief trader in 1874, and four years later, in 1878, he became a commissioned officer with the rank of chief trader. Mr. Matheson's final promotion was to the rank of factor in 1896. He served at Lac la Pluie, Red River, Rat Portage and Lake Superior posts, and died November 6th, 1904, after forty-two years in the Company's service.

Near Starvation on Hudson Bay

The Stefansson Method of "Living Off the Country" Would Not Apply on the Hudson Bay Coast, Says This H.B.C. Post Manager Who Made Arduous Trip.

By L. G. MAVER

Manager, Great Whale River Post

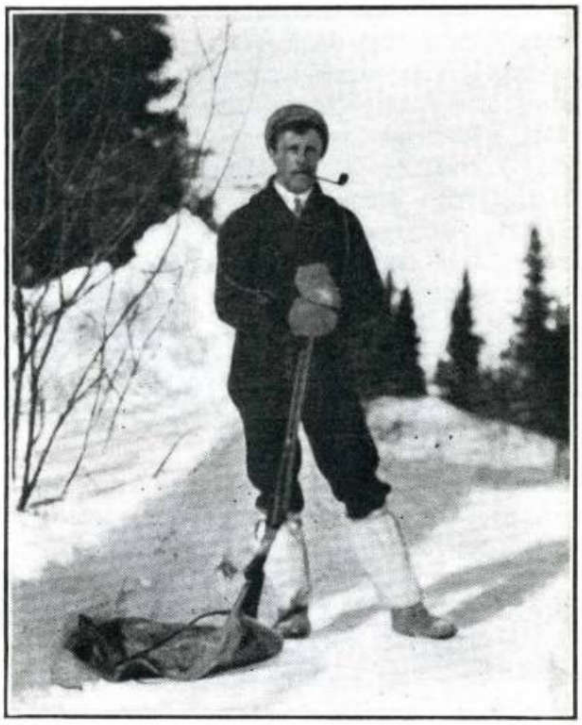
SOME time ago I read an article by Stefansson, in which he stated he could not understand the reason why Arctic explorers found it necessary to take such a lot of provisions on their expeditions, as he, Stefansson, had found it entirely unnecessary to haul a lot of provisions when on his trips in the North.

He depended, he said, almost entirely on the rifle to supply his party with any food they required, and this could be got in any place he had travelled over, and, if he could do so, why could not all Arctic explorers.

Without questioning that Stefansson has done what he claims, the writer might be allowed to say that the idea of depending solely on the rifle for a living in the North might work in certain places where Stefansson has explored but it certainly will not work in East Hudson Bay, as I think the following account of a trip made by me in that area will indicate.

In the fall of 1919 I started from Charlton Island (the distributing point of the Hudson's Bay Company for stations in James and Hudson Bay) by sailboat bound for Fort George post with supplies for that place. Having favourable winds, we reached our destination in three days. At Fort George I engaged a crew of five men to take my wife, her brother and myself to Great Whale river, a distance of 180 miles north. Having done the journey several times before in less than ten days, I thought it quite safe to take only fifteen days' provisions for the party, especially as we expected to add to our food supply by getting some game on the way, as at this season the geese begin to pass south.

However, right from the start we were unfortunate. After getting out of the river, the wind came ahead, and we were obliged to camp at a place called Wastican, only twelve miles from Fort George. We tried to get some fish from the natives, but were unsuccessful. We were held up next day with a strong head wind, and spent the day hunting. Although a few geese passed, none came within range; so nothing was killed, and we returned to camp late that evening empty handed. The net was visited that night, but there was nothing in it except some star and shellfish.



The author on the trail

We got off next day with a strong wind blowing, but after going a few miles the seas got too big for our canoe, so we camped near some Indians who were out on a goose hunt. They told us that the game was very scarce. They had killed only half a dozen geese. They could let us have only one bird. Next day the weather was very rough, and, as it was out of the question to go out in a canoe, we spent the day hunting. Not a bird was killed by anyone.

The Indians were very pessimistic about the state of affairs, and they said that they had never seen such a poor fall for game, but our own crew thought

that as we got further north some birds might be obtained. Nets were set again, but the catch was very small, only ten fish out of six nets, and this did not go very far among twenty-five people. At Seal river we met a big band of Indians. They also had the same story of scarcity of geese, and they could let us have only some dry fish. The last goose they had killed was eaten the day we arrived at this camp. We were again held up next day, and spent the day as usual hunting; but although we hunted steadily all day, from early morning until late at night, the only result was one goose. Now, one might think that the poor results of our hunting meant that we were greenhorns; but we had some of the best shots at geese in our party, so the fault could not have been with us.

Conditions being so bad, the crew decided to rush on as rapidly as possible, as their rations were getting scarce. We managed to make a run up to Cape Jones, the point between James and Hudson Bay. Here I held a consultation with the guide of the canoe, and we decided, as the season was so late and game so scarce, that it would be best to push on another day by canoe and try to reach a camp of Eskimos about twelve miles from the cape. We might get them to take my wife, her brother and myself to Long Island, where there were some more Eskimos camped. They belonged to Great Whale river, and we could get right in to that place by their boat. The canoe could return after we met the Eskimos at their nearest camp.

After bucking a strong head wind, we got within a mile of the Eskimo camp, but it became too dark and stormy to go further that night. We camped. Early next morning we reached the Eskimos and, after telling them what we required, they at once started to transfer our baggage. Our crew supplied them with provisions, and the Eskimos set sail for Long Island, waving good-bye to the canoemen as they disappeared round the point. Although the distance from this camp to Long Island was only a matter of twelve miles, it required at least ten hours to reach the island, as the wind came ahead and it was a case of tacking all that day.

However, we reached the place at last, and we got our baggage and ourselves ashore and pitched our tents on the east side of the island. We saw no sign of people when we landed, and I sent one of the boatmen across the island to try to locate them. Late that night he returned accompanied by some of the people from the tents.

It was about midnight when the boat crew bid us good-bye, and, as they now had a fair wind for their return journey, they must have reached their camp in about two hours. After the boat left, I called the Eskimos into the tent and my wife gave them some cocoa and a bite to eat; after which I inquired about their hunt on the island. They said they had been hunting on the island for two months, and very little game had been killed. The geese they said had never been so scarce, and seals seemed to have deserted the island altogether. Fish also were extremely hard to get, and for the last week they had to depend on the few gulls that were on the island. They were all very hungry, they said, especially their children, and asked us to try and spare them some food to take back to their families.

Although by this time our own food supply was about exhausted, I let them have a little flour and sent them home, telling them to come in the morning and carry our baggage across to the camp where the boat was. It was about 3 a.m. before they left, and before we turned in we discussed the question of what we could do if we could not get off the island soon. We felt if we could get away before the last of our food gave out we would be all right. Some game might be obtained on the mainland across from the island.

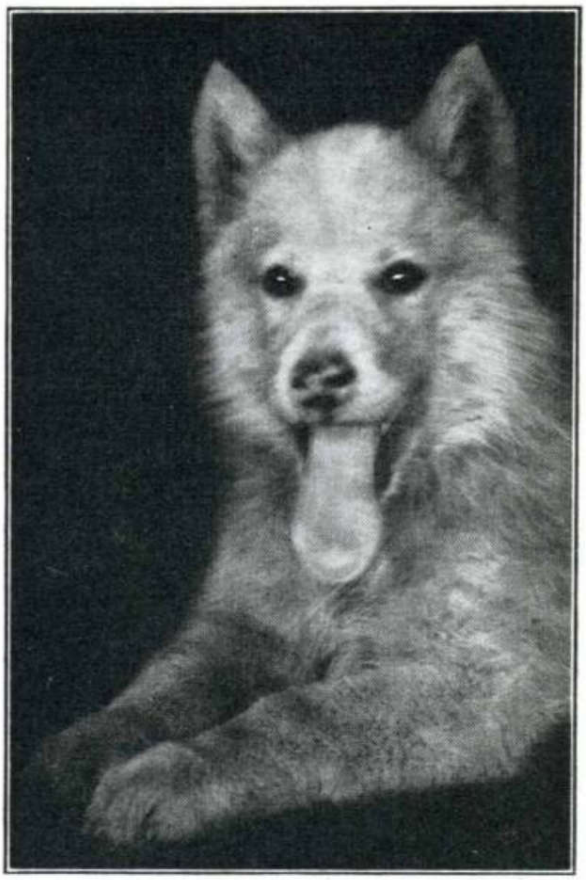
Next morning the Eskimos arrived and packed our stuff across the island to their camp, which was reached in about an hour, and here we found conditions pretty bad. All the natives were sitting in the tents with absolutely nothing to eat. The children came to us and asked us for something to eat, but we could spare them nothing except a little candy that my wife had. This little gift cheered the kiddies up, but they kept coming all day for more, which of course we could not give them.

The weather seemed to be waiting only until we landed on the island to show us what it could really do, as for the next nine days a blizzard from the

northwest raged steadily with hardly a break. We had to go out hunting every day, but, despite our united efforts, nothing was killed except a few gulls, which were shared amongst the crowd. The island is three miles long and about half a mile wide. Every morning the men-folks would start out at dawn to tramp over the island looking for any bird or animal that would help to make a meal. But the whole place seemed dead. It was awful weather for hunting. Some days it was drifting so hard that finding camp late at night was difficult in the extreme. The blizzard did not deter the Eskimo women and children from hunting along the beach to find shell fish, which were to be had in the rocks after the tide went out. Returning from an unsuccessful hunt, I often came upon a little Eskimo child working amongst the rocks looking for his supper.

Firewood was very hard to get near the camp, and we had to carry it from the west side of the island back to camp. We could not use the dog sleigh for hauling it, as there were lakes and swamp between our camps and the other side not yet frozen over. The dogs caused a lot of trouble, prowling round the camp looking for any scraps that would help to subdue their ravenous appetites. One morning my wife, on getting out of bed, missed one of her boots, and, looking around, she discovered an Eskimo dog just finishing off the last of it. This was rather a serious loss, as there was no sealskin to make another boot. However, she managed to get one boot from an old Eskimo woman, and, although the pair did not match, they answered the purpose. The spectacle of her walking around in one long and one short seal boot afforded her brother and me some amusement, in which she joined, of course. This incident had rather a curious ending, as next morning the dog that had eaten the boot was found dead outside our tent. This brought my wife in for a lot of chaffing from us for killing the dog with one of her boots.

When leaving Charlton, I had taken a four-dozen case of St. Charles cream, and this we lived on after our food supply gave out. We had to give away part of this case to the children who were now getting sick, but the remainder we used during our stay on the island. On getting up in the morning, my wife opened a can of this cream and, after whipping it to make it go farther, we had it for breakfast. As we were off hunting all day, this had to last us until next morning, when we could open another can. It is hard to say how we managed to exist on one can of cream a day for seven days, but I for one valued that drink in the morning, although its effects did not last long after we had started to hunt. The Eskimos had eaten all the skins off their kayaks. They started eating their dogs, of which there were about a dozen, but as they were nothing but skin and bones the Eskimos did not get very fat off them.



NATCHUK
(The Seal)

ESKIMO dog presented to the Editor by G. R. Ray, district manager for James Bay. Natchuk is about seven-eighths timber wolf and one-eighth collie. He is three months old. Mr. Ray gave the Indians who brought him out some tins of condensed milk to feed the puppy, but the natives kept this delicacy for themselves, and reported that Natchuk "ate nearly half a moose" on the journey to civilization.

One day a fox track was seen, and all the people who were strong enough to walk hunted for the animal, but luck was against them, as the blizzard that was blowing prevented them from tracking the animal. There seemed to be no sign of the blizzard letting up, and one morning I called a meeting of the Eskimos to discuss the matter of trying to get away from the island over to the mainland. I told them that to stay longer on the island meant starvation for all, and asked for volunteers to take the boat to the mainland, where I told them we had a chance to get some food from some Eskimos who had their winter camp at a place called Little Cape Jones.

This proposal of mine was at once turned down by the Eskimos, who said that to run across to the mainland in that weather meant that all would be drowned, and they would rather face their fate on the island, where things might improve before long. I determined to go across without them. The Eskimos became very ugly, and started to use threatening language, but they were told that nothing would stop us from taking the boat over ourselves if they refused the job. Early next morning we started carrying our stuff down to the beach, the Eskimos watching us sullenly from their camp, but at last, when they saw we were determined to start, the chief came to me and said that they would come with us, but he asked us not to forget that they came only under strong protest.

The Eskimo women blamed us bitterly for wanting to go across in a storm, and said they would surely be drowned before we got across, but we made them hustle themselves into the boat, which stopped their talk for a little while at least. There was a gale blowing when we set sail, and we had to keep the women and any of the men who could be spared from the work on deck bailing the boat out, but, notwithstanding all their efforts, the boat was about half full of water all the way across to the mainland. The scene below deck was a sight I shall never forget. All the women were seasick and bailing for their lives. Three dogs, up to their necks in water, were trying to get out on deck. It was freezingly cold too, which made matters worse, and the seas breaking over the boat soaked us to the skin. However, as we got in towards land the seas were not so big, and matters began to improve a little, which made the Eskimo women start a song of thanksgiving, as they saw the end of their present troubles. A gift of a plug of tobacco, which I had kept in reserve, to the men and women cheered them up considerably. They were a different lot of people when the anchor dropped in a small harbor at Little Cape Jones, and they went to work at once getting our stuff ashore.

We made a large fire and warmed ourselves up a bit, the women taking nearly all their clothes off to dry, as they were soaked by having to stay below deck in the water. Leaving the Eskimos to fix camp, I took my gun and went to try for game, but, after walking about in the heavy snow all afternoon, I saw nothing to shoot and no sign of either bird or animal. The walking was very bad, as the country was nearly all swamp not yet frozen up, and being without snowshoes I sank nearly knee deep every step. I was glad to turn my face towards camp. We had expected to find a camp of Eskimos here, but I saw no trace of them during my hunt. We concluded that the Eskimos had not yet arrived from a fishing camp at which they generally stayed during the summer, but we were hopeful that they would come soon and help us out with some fish collected during the fall. The weather next day was as bad as ever, heavy snow with a gale of wind blowing, which made our hunting extra hard. Again the results were poor. Only two gulls were procured. The spirits of the Eskimos that night were below zero, and we ourselves did not feel at all cheerful.

As this was the season that the ptarmigan should be passing, we had expected to see some, but not a single track was seen on our hunt that day. The oldest Eskimo with us stated that he could never remember seeing such a poor fall for birds. An old Eskimo kayak was found at this place, and it was torn off its long frame at once and boiled in the kettle for soup, which made a small meal along with the gulls killed. A heavy gale next day, accompanied by a strong blizzard from the north, made a tremendous sea, and, as

we were sheltered only by a narrow reef, this was covered at high water and the seas then had a clean sweep up to the boat, which rapidly filled and was just about sinking when luckily the tide started to turn. Snowshoes would have been a great help to us here, as we could have hunted inland where some game might have been got, but none of us had brought a pair along, as we had expected to be at the post long before snowshoes were required.

I went out one morning for a hunt, but, after walking all day without seeing anything, I returned and was just about to enter the tent, when I saw a spruce partridge sitting on a small pine about ten feet from the tent. It was not long before the bird was in the pot.

A duck was killed next morning by my brother-in-law, and this made our meal for that day. The Eskimos being too weak to hunt spent the day in camp, some of them bailing out the boat. Towards evening I went for a short walk and, coming round a point, I saw the tracks of three ptarmigan, which I followed very carefully, and at last came upon the birds feeding in a small clump of willows, just out of range. There was no cover now to stalk them, but I tried. However, as soon as the birds saw me move they took to wing and, although I tried a shot at them, the range was too great, so I had the mortification of seeing these plump birds disappear down-wind.

Before starting back, I filled my pipe and sat down to enjoy a smoke with the last of my tobacco. I remember how depressed I felt that night with my empty pipe and the thought that if I had used more care in stalking the ptarmigan we might have been enjoying a splendid supper.

It was snowing next morning, but with a light, fair wind we made a start and, after getting out of the harbor, set a course for Sucker creek, about six-teen miles farther north. The fair wind did not carry us very far, as about twelve miles out from our camp the wind swung back to the north and raised a big sea. However, we had to go on, as there was not a harbor on this side of Sucker creek. We reached the place after some trouble, with nearly every person in the boat half frozen, and got ashore as quickly as possible. With a big fire started we soon thawed ourselves out. We had hoped that the river would have been frozen over so as to allow us to set a net under the ice, but we found the river still open, and it was useless to think of setting a net, as the water was very high and a swift current running. We had the luck, however, to get a few spruce partridges in the trees near the bank of the creek, and this made a meal for some of us. The Eskimos were by this time getting sick, and some of them could hardly eat the soup we made from the birds, the men-folks telling us that it was useless to eat, as they knew very well that they were going to die before we reached Great Whale river.

It stopped snowing that night and froze hard, and next morning I took a hook and went up the creek looking for a place that was frozen over. After walking for a couple of hours I came upon a place that had a thin skim of ice, and here I cut a long pole and made a line from a piece of seal-skin which I cut into strips and, using a piece of red wool from my sweater, I had the satisfaction of landing five large trout in a very short time. I could have caught more, as the trout were biting freely, but I knew how hungry they were back at camp, so I hiked back for camp, where my wife cleaned and boiled the fish, and al-though we had no seasoning for them they tasted delicious. A net was set in the evening in a small bay that froze over, and next morning we had more than thirty fish of good size to divide among the people. The Eski-mos ate so much that they all got sick and could not get out of their tents that day. Another haul of fish was made next morning, and now all fear of starvation was over, so we were waiting only for a fair wind and some decent weather to complete our journey. It was not until three days later that we could travel.

It was a stormy night when at last we got to the mouth of Great Whale river. We met an Eskimo who had been sent down from the post to meet us with bread and coffee, which we boiled on a small camp stove in the boat. It will be a long time before the memory of that supper fades from our

recollection. We reached the post at midnight, and all were very thankful to get safely ashore. At one time, while camped on Long Island, it had seemed very unlikely that we could reach the post alive.

The Eskimos had a special service next morning in the small church at Whale river for our deliverance; but after all, the ending was a sad one, as three of the men died from the effects of the trip soon after reaching the post.

Now, as I stated before, Stefansson might be able to support himself and party with the aid of his gun alone, but, for us, never again will we start on a trip on Hudson Bay late in the season without all the provisions that can be procured, and no more will we depend on "country food" to see us through a trip. Take a rifle? Yes, by all means; but also a good supply of food when travelling on the coast of Hudson Bay.

C. C. Sinclair Returns From Inspection Trip

C. C. SINCLAIR, of the Athabasca district for the Hudson's Bay Company, reached Edmonton last month after a tour of inspection which carried him all through the upper and lower territories adjacent to the Peace river. On the river Mr. Sinclair travelled by the Company's motor vessel *Weenusk*, which is the only boat with passenger accommodation in operation on that route this season.

At both Hudson's Hope and Fort St. John, Mr. Sinclair found that these districts had been visited by early rains. The grain was up five inches on May 24th, and the crops were generally in advance of those in the Edmonton area. Rain fell in the Waterhole and Grande Prairie districts and was hailed with delight by the settlers, as prior to this moisture the ground was exceedingly dry and the prospects for a crop by no means bright.

Mr. Sinclair met the treaty party under Indian Agent H. Laird which is turning over the government's annual payment to the natives. Mr. Laird was at Red River settlement (below Fort Vermilion) on May 19th; from there he would go to Upper Hay river post; then to Keg river, and so on up the Peace to the various appointed meeting places.

Due to the severe winter in the north and to the deep snow, the greater portion of the Indians' horses, which were rustling outdoors, succumbed, this being a serious loss to the natives of the lower Peace who travel mostly by land.

However, the H.B.C. can supply all requirements from gramophone needles to aeroplanes, so a bunch of the Company's horses was run in and sold to the Indians, who thereupon headed off to their usual summer hunting grounds.—*Edmonton Bulletin.*

Pas Mountain (Sask.) Post News

W. H. Hutton returned to resume duties on May 16th as manager at this post, after spending over three months in hospital at The Pas, where he was operated on February 4th for ruptured appendix and localized abscess.

G. W. Crickmore, who was acting manager in Mr. Hutton's absence, left for The Pas on May 17th to report to district office.

Basil A. Keighley, brother of post manager at Stanley and son of C. A. Keighley, H.B.C. Winnipeg wholesale, is a new arrival on the staff at this point.

RESOURCEFUL TAR

A British tar, home on leave and celebrating the occasion, had got himself into a dilemma. He had hired a taxi, only to discover when approaching his destination that he was penniless. He had dined and wined, not wisely, but too well. But the British navy is a training-school of resourcefulness. He caught up the speaking tube, shouted "Stop!" and jumped out. "I just want to pop into this tobacconist's and get some matches," he explained to the driver. "I've dropped a pound note somewhere in the cab and can't find it in the dark." He entered the tobacconist's, and as he did so the cab and its driver vanished into the night, as he had anticipated.

NO WONDER HE CRIED

It was a soiree musicale. A singer had just finished "My Old Kentucky Home."

The hostess, seeing one of her guests weeping in a remote corner, went to him and inquired in a sympathetic voice: "Are you a Kentuckian?"

The answer came quickly: "No, madam, I am a musician."

Two $1 Prizes

Are Offered for the First Two Correct Solutions Arithmetical Riddle 1 or 2 Received by the Puzzle Editor Before August 1st.

1. A lady gave a children's party, and after the dance distributed apples amongst the children, giving to the first child one apple and the tenth part of the remainder; to the second child she gave two apples and the tenth part of the remainder; to the third child she gave three apples and the tenth part of the remainder, and so on, until each child got the same number of apples, and all the apples were distributed without remainder. The question is, how many children were at the party and how many apples were distributed?

2. An Arab left 17 camels to three sons, and stipulated in his will that the eldest son should receive one-half, the second son a third, and the youngest son a ninth of the camels. The boys could not come to an agreement regarding the dividing up of the camels in accordance with their father's will, and they quarreled over the matter until another Arab happened to be passing by with his own caravan of camels. Seeing the boys quarreling, he asked the reason, and on hearing it he said, "I can easily solve that question." How did he do it?

G. L. BELLINGHAM

Assistant to the land commissioner, Winnipeg, who is now "of age" in the Service, having recently completed his 21st year with H.B.C.

James Bay District News

J. W. Anderson, manager, Albany Post, had an addition to his family on the 24th of March. This time it was a sturdy boy. All in the district extend their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and hearty good wishes for the welfare of their son and heir.

EXTRACTS FROM H.B.C. DIARY, FORT GOOD HOPE POST

Entries made by E. R. Gowen, Post Manager

July 15th, 1922—Ss. Mackenzie River arrived. Mr. Romanet, H.B.C. general inspector, was on board; also Mr. Sinclair, the district manager. The latter was very sick and unable to come up to the post. Mr. Romanet made an inspection whilst here. Mr. F. H. Morris, of the Dominion Cartridge Company, was also a passenger. He gave an exhibition of shooting for the benefit of the natives. The steamer remained here about three hours, not having any freight to put off.

July 19th—Ss. Mackenzie River returned from Macpherson. Mr. Romanet, general inspector, accompanied by Mr. Smith, district sub-inspector, came up to the post to finish the inspection. The steamer remained here for about six hours. Mr. Morris did some more fancy shooting, much to the surprise of the natives, especially when he shot the ashes off a cigar held in a person's mouth. E. R. Gowen went up to Fort Norman on Company's business.

July 24th—Mr. Smith and E. R. Gowen returned to Fort Good Hope by canoe.

July 27th—The treaty party arrived about 3.30 a.m. and paid treaty about 10 a.m.

July 28th—Treaty party left this morning for Red River and Macpherson.

July 29th—R. W. Dodman, bookkeeper, left this morning to take up his duties as bookkeeper for Arctic Red River and Macpherson.

August 12th—Mr. Miller and party, of the Dominion observatory, left this morning for Aklavik. They chartered the *Swan,* a small gasoline launch owned by E. R. Gowen.

August 15th—Ss. Mackenzie River arrived with the Fort Good Hope outfit. She remained here over-night. Mr. Melven, district sub-inspector, was a passenger.

August 16th—Ss. Mackenzie River left early this morning.

August 19th—The *Lady Mackworth* arrived this evening with a cargo of lumber for the new H.B.C. store at Good Hope. Mr. MacDougal, of the mining recorder's office at Fort Norman, was a passenger.

August 30th—The *Lady Mackworth* returned this afternoon from below. She had a large passenger list. Mr. Segre's party and local people made a full boatload.

Sept. 2nd—Very cold and wintry; snowing and blowing all day. Had a busy time erecting the stoves in the various buildings.

Sept. 10th—E. R. Gowen left this morning for Red River, in the *Swan* to bring up the fishermen and the fish. Rev. Father Lecuyer was a passenger.

Sept. 26th—Returned from Red River this evening. Gas boat broke down fifty miles from the fort and we had to track all the way back.

M.B. Liard River left Fort McMurray on the evening of June 14th with the western Arctic schooner *Aklavik* in tow for Fort FitzGerald. Both vessels will be taken across Smith portage immediately and will be ready to leave for the north as soon as navigation opens on Great Slave lake.

The Ss. Athabasca River left on her fourth trip of the season early on June 15th for Fort FitzGerald with passengers and freight.

FUR TRADE DEPARTMENT STAFF NOTES

THE undermentioned young men have been engaged by the Company in Scotland for service as apprentice clerks at fur trade posts:

George Alexander Fowlie
David Douglas Mitchell
Alfred Copland
Ernest James Gall
Donald Forbes Watt
Harry Ambrose
John Achnach Stephen Barclay
Edwin George Clark
William Clark
John Grant
Ewen Leslie
William MacCombie
Andrew McKinley
John Milne
William Murray
John Alexander Redford
Francis Reid
William Coutts Rothnie
Alfred Smith
John Stewart
Fredrick John Troup

Messrs. Gall and Watt arrived recently in this country and proceeded by way of Mackenzie river to the western Arctic district, to which they will be attached.

The other young men will come out next month on the Company's steamers *Nascopie* and *Bayeskimo* to Montreal, from whence they will leave for posts to which they will be attached for training.

S. T. Youngman left Winnipeg June 4th on an inspection of the western posts of his district.

H. H. Hall, district manager, western Arctic district, has returned to his district by way of the Mackenzie river. He was accompanied by R. C. MacGregor, district accountant, who was also out on leave.

P. H. Godsell, late of Mackenzie river district, spent a few days in Winnipeg during last month and has since left for western Arctic district via the Mackenzie river. He will make an inspection of all western Arctic posts. This work will occupy him for about a year.

The Fur Trade Commissioner visited Edmonton and Vancouver during last month on the Company's business.

The Ss. Mackenzie River was launched on the 28th of May and left Fort Smith for Fort Resolution on the 31st.

The Ms. Lady Kindersley left Vancouver on the 25th of June with supplies for H.B.C. western Arctic posts.

Miss G. Pritchard of the fur trade commissioner's office is spending her holidays at Banff, Alta.

John Melven, acting general inspector, is spending a short furlough in the old country before proceeding to Nelson river district.

The Arctic Gold Exploration Company's fur trading and whaling stations in northern Baffinland have been taken over by the H.B.C.

The Cost of Milady's Furs

By H. MUIR

Post Manager, McLeod's Lake, B.C.

SOME time ago I read a story entitled "The Cost of My Lady's Furs," and, as I trapped before my engagement with the Hudson's Bay Company, it may interest *Beaver* readers to learn real facts concerning happenings that are chargeable to cost of my lady's furs.

In the fall of 1915, I started up the Parsnip river to locate a place to trap during the following season, and found a suitable place about 135 miles from McLeod's lake. There was another trapper about 35 miles below me on Slate creek, who was my nearest neighbor. I visited him the last of October, and on leaving bade him good-bye until spring. He did not have sufficient supplies for the season and intended going to McLeod's lake for Christmas; which he did. After spending a week there, he packed supplies across the portage some twelve miles to the Parsnip, then loaded them on a sleigh and started up river. The weather was very cold, and before he reached his cabin his feet, hands and face were frozen and he had to abandon his supplies about four miles from his cabin, but succeeded in getting them a few days later. His feet were so badly frozen that the nails came off his toes. By the end of February proud flesh had got a good start, and he found himself out of supplies again. I was the nearest neighbor, and he managed to get to my cabin. After carving and burning the bad flesh, we got his toes started to heal. I split my supplies with him and he worked his way home, trapping as he went, trying to get a few pelts before April first, at which time we both expected to go out. About the 20th March I was laid up with rheumatism and was unable to travel, and by the first of April my supplies were gone except tea, and there was no sign of the ice going out. I managed to get a few spruce hens, and had one a day for twelve days; then for twelve more days I had nothing to eat, but drank tea. I put in five days drifting behind the ice. The last morning I woke at daybreak, made my usual pot of tea but could not drink it, so I rolled my bed; but when I stooped to pick it up I fell over it. How long I lay there I do not know, but when I got up I took one blanket at a time to my canoe and decided to stay in the canoe until I found some place where I could get something to eat. After drifting about three miles I heard a shot ahead (and I wish to state right here that I never heard anything that sounded so good), and on rounding the next bend I saw a smoke which turned out to be an Indian camp. I made a landing, and after the squaw got over her scare she gave me a bowl of bear grease and cracklings and in about two hours a bowl of soup. I sent an Indian back to tell the other trapper, who was on a side creek about two miles up, and on his arrival we got a quarter of fresh moose meat from the Indian and started for McLeod's lake, where we arrived about a week later.

Wilderness Fatalities

In the fall of 1916 a man by the name of Laritze went up to Pine Pass to trap. He was about fifty miles from McLeod's. He told Mr. Staples, who was in charge here at that time, to hold his mail as he would be out at Christmas. But he did not show up and, as he did not come out in the spring, I decided to take a look for him. The water was so high I could not use a canoe, so had to walk. I found his tent, but the bears had torn it and packed the body about half a mile. I buried the remains in the woods and, on going through his effects, I found a note stating that he had been taken sick and that, as it would all be over soon, he might as well end it and take a chance in the next.

Again, in the fall of 1918, a man and woman by the name of Hatch, also a Mr. Gray, located on the Campbell river about fifty miles from McLeod. Sometime in March, 1919, the men were taken sick. Mr. Gray died suddenly and, as Mr. Hatch was not strong enough to dig a grave outside, they had to bury the body in the cellar. When the ice went Mr. Hatch and his wife started to try and get out, but Mr. Hatch died on the way. His wife rolled the body in canvas and left it on the bank of the river and tried to get out herself. She was found in a cabin

on the Parsnip river some ten days later in a dying condition. She was brought to McLeod by Mr. Munroe, who found her. Munroe then hired another man and went back and buried the body of her husband.

Another man by the name of Stack went up the Missinchinka about fifty miles from McLeod. He also planned to spend Christmas at McLeod's lake, but has not been heard of since. His canoe was found last summer.

Fur Trader's Anecdotes

By E. R. GOWEN

Fort Good Hope

AN incident that was related to me some few years ago by a gentleman of "the cloth" has just come to my mind. The minister related how, upon entering an Indian house one evening and camping there for the night, he had observed the Indian family performing their evening and morning devotions before a picture hung on the wall. On examination, this picture they were worshipping proved to be an old lithograph of some H.B.C. official. It turned out that the Indians believed this picture to be the replica of some saint, and it took some time to convince them who it really was.

Another story has to do with an ex-post manager, now dead, named Joseph Beauleau, who, I am told, was once in charge of Fort Smith. Beauleau's education was extremely limited, and when the time came for him to take his annual inventory he called on the local priest, Rev. Father Dupere, who is now at Fort Resolution, to assist him with the job. The priest at the appointed time went to the Company's house and, after a short smoke and chat about the weather, suggested that they go into the store and commence on the inventory. Joseph replied that there was no need of this. He would tell him right there what to put down. He commenced to call off items something after this fashion: 10 kegs gunpowder, 12 sacks shot, 4 D.B.M.L. guns, 2 dozen axes, 300 pounds of sugar, 1200 pounds flour, etc., etc. The father, knowing very well that all these goods were not in stock, for indeed they were nearly out of everything, said "Come, Joseph, surely you have not got all this stuff in stock, have you?" "No," Joseph replied, "but I have to put down an inventory to send out, and I thought that would fill the bill." Needless to say the inventory did not go out as called for.

This same man, when sending in requisitions, used to sketch the article he required as he could not write, and some of his requisitions caused many laughs at the depot.

WHAT ABOUT THE CANADIAN?

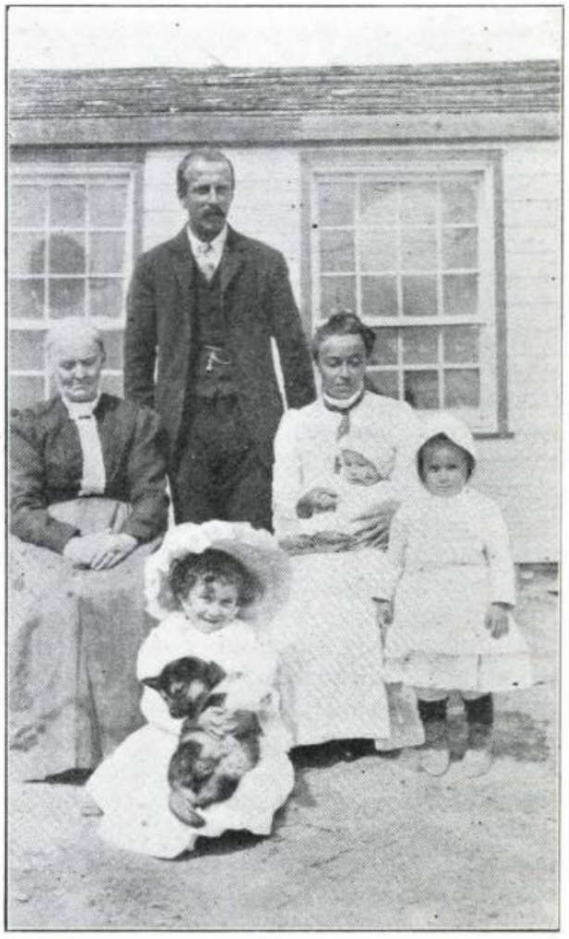
The following contribution is sent in by one of our readers who evidently boasts of being a Canadian. for in characteristic modesty he omits to say anything about his own countrymen:

The Englishman loves his beer and Bible.

The Scotchman keeps his Sabbath and everything else he can lay hands on.

The Irishman does not know what he wants and is never happy till he gets it.

The Welshman prays on his knees on Sunday and preys on everybody else the remainder of the week.



ASHTON ALSTON and family taken at Fort Churchill, 1910. Mr. Alston is now post manager at Attawapiskat.

Start Now

"WAY back in the subconscious mind of all sane thinking married men (if such there be), there lurks the evil, soul-consuming temptation to send wifey to the country some day. In fact, it has been recorded that once in those ancient days before female supremacy, a glee-frenzied fortunate wrote a song about that very theme; and it is with a similar inspiration that we take pen in hand to set down this accumulation of priceless information on just how one should go about attaining this much-dreamed of temporary emancipation," says *Baer Facts,* published by the stationery house of Baers, Canton, Ohio. "In the first place, one should brush up on one's knowledge of the culinary art. Try two or three backhand strokes with the skillet every day and shadow-box the dish rag for an hour at least. Also, a few practice shots at the ash container with some empty bean cans will help you get the range before the big rush is on.

"A book, 'Handy Helps for Hopeless Husbands,' can be had at all good book stores. It tells of the many delightful dishes that can be made from ham and eggs. This is very valuable information as, no matter how you garble the recipes, you cannot get anything but ham and eggs—a most nourishing food. Do you remember that famous remark of the famished camper who said, 'Now if I only had some ham, I'd have some ham and eggs, if I had some eggs?'

"Secondly, it is necessary to find three other good poker players who are able, both physically and financially, to send their wives away at the same time. And last but by no means least, one should figure out just how one is going to induce his own friend wife to take the aforesaid jaunt. This is where the hard part begins.

"We have found that the best way invariably is to publish in the local news a vivid account of wifey's preparations to visit a fashionable resort. The results are amazing. She simply must go to save her pride.

"Of course, when you have succeeded in bringing about this longed-for state of pseudo-bachelorhood, you've got to be able to take a lot of time away from business in order to enjoy it."—*The Kodak Magazine.*

ONE FOR PAT

An Irishman was seated in a train beside a pompous individual who was accompanied by a dog.

"Foine dog ye have," said the Irishman. "Phwat kind is it?"

"A cross between an Irishman and an ape," the man replied.

"Shure, an' it's related to both of us," the Irishman retorted.

IN REPLY

A young man with a pretty but notoriously flirtatious fiancee wrote to a supposed rival "I've been told that you have been seen kissing my girl. Come to my office at eleven on Friday. I want to have this matter out." The rival answered, "I've received a copy of your circular letter and will be present at the meeting."

Alec Madam

An Incorrigible Indian

By WM. WARE

Assistant B.C. District Manager

I FIRST met Alec Madam in 1901, and for seven years I frequently regretted having had to do so. Everybody who was acquainted with him voted him a nuisance, as he was always either begging or borrowing; and if business was dull in these lines he would go around with a "chip on his shoulder."

Many tales are told about this Indian, but space will allow me to relate only one or two here. He was engaged one spring by a party of oldtimers, which included the gold commissioner, to pack a box of hard tack on his back for them into the mines. Now, Madam no doubt had good reason to be always thinking about the biscuits, and consequently hit on the simple plan of extracting hard tack at one corner of the box and filling up the space by stuffing moss in at the opposite end. Anyway, the scheme worked well, because by this means he got a good fill of biscuits and left a box of moss at his journey's end for the stipendiary magistrate and companions to come out with. And naturally he took good care to draw the freight money on a box of biscuits he had eaten.

A favorite trick of this Indian's was, whenever he got a job with a party, especially if they were strangers to

him, to have attacks of cramps in the stomach of so serious a nature as to make some consternation in camp, and generally cause some kind-hearted member to produce the emergency bottle of brandy and give him a drink from it. This stunt would sometimes work a few times; but as soon as it was found out the dose would be changed for something far from being palatable, and then Madam's recovery would be quick and complete.

But Madam's great delight was new apprentice clerks, and he considered it his duty to help to train them. He would treat them gently at first, using plenty of "soft soap," but he would gradually get firmer—from begging their cast-off clothes to getting their washing done, he would demand matches, then tobacco. But about this time the clerk would be told that on no account must he give Madam anything for nothing. Then the fun would begin, for Alec would start to make the young man's life miserable.

If he bought hard tack he would count them over carefully, and woe be to the apprentice if there was a biscuit short or any broken ones put in, as Madam would simply "paw the air" and foam at the mouth. Or again, if a couple of pounds of sugar he was buying happened to be put into a five-pound paper bag, then the Indian was at his best. He would grab the bag by the slack, causing the sugar to go into one corner and look quite insignificant, then raise it up and in a loud voice accuse the young chap of cheating and tell him he ought to be ashamed of robbing a poor man who had a large family and who had to work so hard for a living.

It was after one of these scenes that an apprentice clerk came and told me that he had made up his mind to kill Madam and, although I was quite willing that he should do so, I did not want him to do it openly and get hanged for the deed. Now, it happened that shortly after this we were cleaning out the cellars in the spring and, as luck would have it, there was an unusually large number of cans of fruit, meats and salmon gone bad, damaged by having holes in them and swelling, etc., which gave us the idea of feeding these to Madam and causing his death by poisoning. So every time he would come along we would throw a couple of tins where he was sure to pick them up, and it was a great treat to us to see him take the bait. Madam seemed always to be looking for more, and his visits began to be quite frequent. We would sometimes stop and listen, thinking that we heard the church bell toll. But no such luck. And the worst of it was we ran out of poison. Another thing that was rather galling was to hear remarks made by some of the miners passing through to the effect that Alec Madam must have put in a pretty easy winter as they never saw him looking so fat and well before.

Now and then Madam would strike a "snag." I remember one time seeing him walk into one of the Company's guest houses which the packtrain men happened to be using at the time. It appeared that the boys were late in bringing the horses in this particular morning, and the cook, after setting the table and having everything ready, was dozing in a chair over the stove. Madam, who never overlooked anything, saw a chance of getting a square meal, and so set to work and helped himself to coffee and a plate of mush for a starter. But, just as he was about to pitch in, he discovered there was no sugar on the table, a commodity he could not possibly get along without and enjoy himself, so he went over to the "kitchen box" to get some. The lid of the box must have slipped, because the cook woke up; and what happened evidently did not take long. I saw a hat, Madam flying through the air, and a large-sized boot. The native never stopped to look back, but kept going, and when he passed me, in response to my enquiry as to his hurry, he said something about there being a "crazy white man" back there.

Time has softened my feelings towards the "old boy," and now I think more of his many virtues than his faults, chief of which is the splendid way he always handled the family exchequer: I never once remember Madam buying a single thing for his wife—no, he certainly did not believe in *wasting* money that way.

I stole a kiss the other night,
My conscience hurts, alack.
I guess I'll go tomorrow night
And put the darn thing back.

R. C. MacGREGOR (now H.B.C. district accountant for Western Arctic), left, and Rev. Hester, Church of England mission, right. Photo taken at Fort Chimo, Ungava, in 1912.

Accuracy Spells Success

JAMES Watt could not make a steam engine until men were able to measure so exactly that a cylinder and piston could be built that were steam-tight and yet allowed free play.

The automobile of today was not possible until men could measure the five-thousandth of an inch as easily as a carpenter does a foot.

Although these fractional measurements are not of apparent importance to the average man, in reality nearly every modern comfort he uses is made possible by the work of scientists who have developed and given to industry our wonderful system of weights and measurements.

Much of this work is done in the United States bureau of standards at Washington.

The influence of the research conducted by the bureau touches us on all sides—in the rails on which we travel, the concrete floorings in our fireproof office buildings, the steel girders over our heads, in the measures we receive in store and market.

Many intricate instruments of marvellous precision are kept in the bureau of standards.

Here is preserved the bar of platinum-iridium on which is marked the standard meter—a copy of the original standard meter of the world in France.

The scale on this bar is so fine it can hardly be seen with the naked eye. When a meter is brought to the bureau to be compared with the standard, both bars are placed in a receptacle which is in turn put into an oil bath and kept at an even temperature.

By the aid of delicate micrometer screws and microscopes the difference, if any, is recorded.

Observations are made to one one-million-two-hundred-and-fifty-thousandths of an inch.

The fine weights used in scientific laboratories may be tested here on a balance capable of weighing accurately to one fifty-millionth of an ounce.

In one room is an apparatus by which such intense cold can be produced that the air becomes liquefied and can be handled like so much water.

In another the hardest metals are melted in a little electric furnace like wax on a kitchen stove. Instruments have been devised which can endure this terrific heat and record its temperature.

Light waves are made to act as a unit of measurement in one of the most precise instruments known to science—the interferometer, which can determine differences in length as small as one two-millionth of an inch.

The bureau has evolved a device which will show the bending of a steel bar 3 feet long and 3½ inches thick when lightly pressed with the finger. This heavy bar is supported at each end and a small mirror is fixed at the center. Above is a partially silvered mirror which reflects the light of a sodium burner, showing a series of black and yellow concentric rings. The weight of a visiting card on the bar will cause these circles to expand outward, and the pressure of a finger causes the formation of five or six new circles, which means that the bar has been bent about one twenty-millionth of an inch.

Who knows? The printer and the compositor may yet measure machine composition by reflected rays from a mirror.

The principal difference between a girl chewing gum and a cow chewing her cud is that the cow looks thoughtful.

Natives of B.C.

By C. H. FRENCH

AS a boy I cannot remember hearing a native called *siwash* or *klootchman*. Perhaps that was because my younger days were spent in Eastern Canada, where the male native was called *Indian*, the female *squaw*, and the child *papoose*. After crossing the Rocky Mountains I found the male called *siwash;* the female *klootchman*, and the children *tenass*. This difference is probably caused by the different languages used, and the chinook, being used as a trade language or jargon on this coast, the native names were taken from that language.

I one time asked a klootchman whether her newborn baby was a boy or a girl. She replied, "No, he a man," not meaning that he was a man but that he was of the male variety. I could understand that, because in her own language all the male gender were *denne* (men) while the child is known as *denne altum-e-yes*, literally meaning a small man.

Mountain Goat in Northern B.C.

THIS ungainly denizen of rugged mountains shares its range with the mountain sheep. It is a heavy-bodied animal with small black horns and a long coat of shaggy white hair. Sure-footed, it wanders among the cliffs and canyons, up and down seemingly perpendicular cliffs, along shelves of rock a few feet wide where a misstep would mean a drop of hundreds of feet. It feeds on the scanty vegetation growing among the rocks.

The head itself is a poor trophy compared with moose, caribou or sheep; yet it is necessary for a full collection of Canadian big game heads. Although lacking size and beauty, it is distinctive.

The meat of this animal at times is very strong, but at others is hardly distinguishable from the wild mutton. The hide makes a nice warm foot rug for the bedroom.

Goats still exist in large numbers, owing to their rough homes and to the fact that large numbers of more-sought-after moose, caribou, and sheep divert attention from them.—*Cyril Elkington, Old Fort Babine.*

THE STRANGER

Robert Watson, Saskatoon

Should a stranger come among you,
Don't forget he is a stranger.
'Tis your privilege to welcome:
Yours the honors as a host,
Be he high or be he lowly.
Christ was born in a manger.
'Tis the early morning sunshine favors most.

Do not wait till others greet him,
Or till times and means explain him.
Life is short. He may be lonely,
With his friendship sundered far.
Think you not you may offend him;
Bedroom walls won't entertain him.
'Tis the darkness shows the glory of a star.

Far away from home and loved ones,
You may be the same tomorrow;
So remember that the stranger
Needs your kindly greeting now.
Vain regrets are marble tombstones;
Might-have-beens the sighs of sorrow,
And neglect, the thorns that pierce the martyr's brow.

OLD TIMER SAYS

No matter how much we know, let us not forget that the other chap knows something also.

In this world there is enough for us all, tho' invariably we are never satisfied and think our share is small.

Let us not repine, for, with effort on our part, shadows black today may vanish tomorrow.

King Bruce, in despair, watched a spider and conquered Scotland. Let our motto be "Try again."

I've met fellows who were fed up with single blessedness, and others who wished they had never turned benedict;

Others who wished for the children they lacked, and yet again have I met those who thought the quiver over full!

No doubt much could be written in this strain which would go to prove that we are never satisfied; and many would say that contentment goes hand in hand with laziness. In any case let us strive after something better, and by so doing add our quotas to the forces of progress.

Deserted Eskimo snow houses near Lake Minto. Photo by R. J. Flaherty, 1912.

BY SHIP OF SAIL TO HUDSON BAY, 1723

Extract From Sailing Orders and Instructions to Capt. Geo. Spurril, Commander of ye Hudson's Bay Fregate

First, and above all things, we require that ye publick Service of Almighty God, be duly performed on Board our Ship, under your Command, according to ye Service of ye Church of England.

You are upon receipt hereof, to Sail, ye first opportunity of Wind & Weather, either through ye Chanel, or North-about, for York Fort, in Hayes River, in Hudson's Bay, & when it please God you arrive there, you are to deliver to Mr. Thos. Macklish, Governor in Hudson's Bay, (or in case of his Death to ye Chief Factor at that place) all such Goods and Passengers, as are consigned to that place, by us.

In your Outward Passage, you are to take care not to go to ye Norward, of ye Latitude of 59, till you are sure you are well to ye Westward of Cape Farwell, to avoid ye Ice that lyeth off that Cape.

You are also to use your utmost endeavor, to keep Company with ye Mary Fregate Capt. Jas. Belcher Commander, ye Hannah Fregate Capt. Ingrm. Gofton, Commander, & ye Beaver Sloop, Geo. Kennedy Master, as far as Cape Diggs, & when it please God you arrive at York Fort, you to receive & take on Board your Sd. Ship, all such Goods Merchandize, as shall belong to ye Company, together with such Servants as are ordrd. home.

So soon as you shall receive your dispatches to depart, you're to make ye best of your waye to England, for ye Port of London, but in case you should be forced into any part of Great Britain, or Ireland, by extremity of weather, in such Case you are to send us a Letter by ye Post, with a Short Account of your Cargoe, and ye success of your Voyage, & upon your Arrival with us, to deliver in your own journal, as also your Chief, and Second Mates.

You are also to take every week, an account from yr. Steward, of ye expense of all sorts of Provissions, & every month of your Boatswain, Carpenter, & Gunner, of ye expense of their Stores respectively, which accounts you are to deliver to ye Governor, Dept. Governor, & Committee, on your arrival in England, before they be paid their wages, that we may know if ye remains agree with ye ballance of their Accounts.

At your departure from Hudson's Bay, for England, you are to spare ye Factory, what Provissions, Stores, & necessaries, they shall want, & you can spare, taking receipts for ye same.

You are also to make your Passengers watch, & ward, as your Shipps Company do, & to give them ye same allowance, as also to train them, & your own Men, in ye exercise of Small Arms, in your Outward, & homeward-bound passage.

You are also ordered to assist ye Governor, where you are bound, with your Boats, & Men, in making dispatch while you are at ye Factory, & not to hinder it, by your Men cutting of Wood, or taking in of Ballast, or Stones.

If in your passage through ye Streights, you should meet with any *Eskamoors, you are to treat them very civilly, & encourage them to trade Whalebone, or any other Commodity with you,* but not to go on Shoar with them, nor send your Boats, upon any pretence, & be sure you keep your self upon your Guard, your Guns, & Small Arms Loaded, that you be not surpris'd.

Upon your arrival at York Fort, take especial care to observe ye Signal, and not to send your Boat on Shoar until you are fully satisfied, ye Factory is in our Posesion.

You are also to take care, that in your homeward bound passage, you keep to ye Eastward, of Mansfield's Island.

You are also to come West about, home, & so up ye Chanel, wishing you a prosperous Voyage, & safe return to us, who are

Your Loving Friends.

Hudson's Bay House
ye 17th May 1723

Moose in Northern B.C.

By CYRIL ELKINGTON

TO the majority of city-dwellers the word "moose" conveys a hazy idea of a member of the deer family. Possibly they have seen a mounted specimen in a museum, or most likely get their impression from a calendar representing very often a strange looking moose being hunted by a more strange looking hunter.

To the exponents of the rod or gun they are a very desirable but usually unattainable trophy.

Only the few who have the last trait, coupled with a bank account which causes them considerable worry on the appearance of the income tax collector, are able to adorn the walls of their den with a moose-head bearing a set of antlers of noble proportions and boast of their splendid trophy.

To the student of natural history the moose is a grotesque, ungainly member of the deer family with seemingly no near relations, possibly a survivor of some remote period.

However, to the inhabitants of small towns in a part of northern British Columbia where the Company has four posts they are a very important factor, more particularly to the Indians. There, where they are quite numerous, they form the chief supply of meat, as there are no cattle.

To the Indian they are a source of meat, which is his principal food, for himself and his dogs—the choice tidbits, such as the tongue and nose, which are favored delicacies, and the better cuts for himself and family; the poorer cuts for his dogs on whom he relies to move his belongings summer and winter. He may dry the meat by cutting it in strips and hanging it over poles, for use when travelling, or, if his teeth are poor, dry it and by pounding and adding grease to it, make pemmican, which is very nourishing. He renders down the fat and marrow, making a fine, clear lard. To store or carry this he uses the stomach of the moose which has been cleaned and dried.

He sometimes uses the hide in the raw state to make canoes by sewing several skins together, sealing the seams with pitch and stretching it over a frame, or, if surprised in the woods without a sleigh by an early snowfall, he may form the raw hide into a rough sleigh, hitch his dogs to it and thus move his belongings.

The Indian woman takes a hide, removes the hair from it, tans and smokes it. In this process she uses moose brains. This tanned skin she makes into moccasins, mitts, gloves, gun-cases, small pouches for tobacco or cartridges, and many other useful articles and novelties. The hide, either raw or partly tanned, she cuts into *babiche* for filling snowshoes, and she always has a supply of cord by simply cutting hide into narrow strips.

The sinews or muscles of the moose are dried and shredded, forming her thread, which is very strong and will not rot quickly if wet. With this she sews moccasins and other articles.

Sometimes pieces of bone are utilized to make handles for awls which she uses when sewing skin with sinew.

So when an Indian kills a moose very little need be wasted. In fact, nothing need be, for what little remains forms an excellent place to set a trap. Here he may catch wolves, coyotes, lynxes, foxes or the diminutive ermine.

Although a large number of moose are killed in a year by Indians, trappers and prospectors, settlers and game hunters, and sometimes wolves, they are still plentiful in this large country.

FIGURES DON'T LIE?

An Irishman working for a Dutchman asked for an increase in pay.

The Dutchman replied: "If you are worth it, I will be pleased to give it to you. Now let us see what you do in a year, Pat.

"We have 365 days in a year; you sleep 8 hours every day, which makes 122 days you sleep; taken from 365 days, leaves 243. Now, you have 8 hours recreation every day, which makes 122 days, taken from 243, leaves 121 days.

"We have 52 Sundays in a year which you have off, leaving you 69 days. You have 14 days vacation; take this off and you have 55 days left. You don't work Saturday afternoons, this makes 26 days a year. Take this off and you have 29 days left. Now, Pat you allow 1½ hours for meals which totals 28 days in a year. Take this off and you have 1 day left. I always give you St. Patrick's Day off, so I ask you, Pat, if you are entitled to a raise?"

Pat then answered: "Well, what the h— have I been doing, then?"

DAD

If he's wealthy and prominent and you stand in awe of him, call him "Father." If he sits in his shirtsleeves and suspenders at ball games and picnics, call him "Pop." If he tills the land or teaches Sunday school, call him "Pa." If he wheels the baby carriage and carries the bundles meekly, call him "Papa," with the accent on the first syllable. If, however, he makes a pal of you when you're good, and is too wise to let you pull the wool over his loving eyes when you're not; if moreover, you're sure no other fellow you know has quite so fine a father, you may call him "Dad," but not otherwise.

Mountain Sheep in Northern B.C.

THIS geographic race of the sheep family, of which there are two color phases in B.C. known respectively as Stones' and Fannins' sheep, is a near relative of the Rocky Mountain sheep of central and southern British Columbia, and has very much the same habits. It is not so stocky as its cousin, but is of a more graceful build.

No collection of Canadian big game heads is complete without a specimen of this species. The gracefully coiled horns, extending in a wide spiral, give an artistic touch to a group of trophies, contrasting with the massive antlers of the moose and the irregular horns of the caribou.

Its range includes the rough and rocky peaks of the mountain ranges which form the magnificent scenery of the Stikine country and that of its tributaries. A shy and very timid animal, it shares its home with the mountain goat. In comparison with this ungainly and seemingly stupid animal, it moves with great speed among the jagged rocks of the rough mountains. Sure footed, it dashes up or down slopes where man cannot venture, bounding from ridge to ridge with incomparable grace and ease.

The meat of this animal is highly prized, being somewhat similar to ordinary mutton. The skin makes a nice rug and is sometimes used as a mattress by Indians.

Owing to its dwelling in such rough and rugged territory and to its being so timid, it still exists in large numbers, the prize only of him who will scale the walls of its fortress, the mountains.

R. C. MACGREGOR, H.B.C. accountant for Western Arctic fur trade district, as he appeared in 1911 when joining the service. Mr. MacGregor was born at Kirkcudbright, Scotland, in 1892. He came out on the Company's ship to Fort Chimo in 1911 and served there 4 years before going to the Great War. He has been in the Western Arctic since 1919. Mr. MacGregor was an interesting visitor to the Editor's office last month. He donated to The Beaver a fine lot of photographs

H.B.C. POSTS FORMERLY IN AMERICAN TERRITORY

UNTIL its merger with the North-West Fur Company in 1821, the Hudson's Bay Company maintained no posts west of the Rocky Mountains either in American or British territory. From 1821 to 1846, however, the H.B.C. was a formidable rival of the United States as a claimant of the Pacific northwest territories.

Not only did Hudson's Bay traders conduct trading expeditions through many parts of what are now the states of Oregon, Washington, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, but the Company operated several posts for many years in what is now American territory.

On San Francisco Bay, in 1824, an H.B.C. post was established, and in the same year another was placed at Umpqua, a few miles to the northward. Farms were operated in connection with these posts, and stock was raised. The posts were abandoned in 1832. The Company opened a store at San Francisco in 1847 which was sold a few years later and turned into the United States hotel.

The Company, in 1832, had taken over Fort George (now Washington), which had been founded in 1811 by John Jacob Astor of New York. Fort Vancouver was established in 1824 on the north side of the Columbia river, six miles above the junction of the Columbia and Willamette rivers.

The following year (1825) Spokane House, which had been established in 1811, was abandoned by H.B.C., and in its place Fort Colville was erected on a beautiful plain overlooking the Columbia river near Kettle falls. This is about 100 miles north of the modern city of Spokane, Washington.

Between 1821 and 1826, Forts Okanagan, Walla Walla, Boise and Hall were also established in what is now central and northern Washington and Idaho.

In 1846, the vexatious Oregon question came to an issue between the United States and Great Britain. A treaty was made in that year fixing the 49th parallel of latitude as the boundary between the U.S. and British territory. The Oregon treaty stated, however, that the Hudson's Bay Company was to continue to enjoy free navigation of the Columbia river, also that the Company and all other British subjects south of the new boundary would be protected in respect of property rights.

At the time of the treaty, the Company claimed that 160,000 acres of land were being farmed and grazed by them in the valley of the Columbia.

A part of the fields belonging to H.B.C. at Fort Vancouver was taken over by the U.S. for military purposes in 1846, and compensation for the land was eventually made to the Company by the United States.

The Company decided to confine its activities entirely to British territory, and began to withdraw from the Columbia valley, selling to a merchant in Oregon the great herds of cattle which had grown up on the Columbia.

However, as late as three years after the Oregon treaty, in 1849, Sir George Simpson, the governor of the Company, wrote that the following H.B.C. posts were being operated within American territory: Fort Colville, Flat Head House, Fort Okanagan, Fort Nez Perces, Fort Boise, Fort Hall, Fort Vancouver, Fort Nisqually, Cowlitz Farm; and it was not until 1860 that the Company had entirely disposed of its interests and withdrawn from the Columbia valley.

Fort Daer was established by Miles McDonnell in 1812 near Pembina on the Red river, now in North Dakota 70 miles south of Winnipeg. Other posts in what is now Michigan and Wisconsin were established or taken over by H.B.C. from their French founders, but exact dates and details are not at present available.

Germ of Indecision

By P. PLOWMAN

MOST salespeople make it a part of their selling policy to insure a customer's entire satisfaction. A good many customers are not sure of their own decision. Live salespeople soon recognize this fact and *sell* their customers instead of *allowing them to buy*.

The extra selling effort put forth by the salesperson will prevent a "germ of indecision" from creeping into the customer's mind. For example, the easiest thing for the salesperson to say is, "Take it, and if you are not satisfied bring it back." The suggestion is made with the best intention to serve well, but the wavering decision in the customer's mind may develop into dissatisfaction and cause the goods to be returned.

A customer who cannot be brought to a favourable decision whilst face to face with the salesperson, and who has the benefit of the advice and the suggestion, is not likely to be satisfied after leaving the store.

Unless the salesperson can overcome the customer's objections by extra selling effort, the goods may be returned and the money refunded before the salesperson has the opportunity to commence selling the customer again. There are exceptions to this rule, but a good percentage of goods are returned through the negative suggestion.

IN THE BUSINESS

Teacher—As an example in fractions, suppose a man kept a butcher's shop, and a customer called for five pounds of meat and he had only four to sell, what would the butcher do?

Johnnie (a butcher's bright son)—Keep his hand on the meat while he was weighing it.

HOW FOOLISH

Two rustic sports were uncertainly flivvering their way home from a little party.

"Bill," said Henry, "I wancha t'be very careful. First thing yuh know you'll have us in the ditch."

"Me?" said Bill in astonishment. "Why, I thought you was drivin'."

Sunday School Teacher—Now, children, what is the last thing you do before you go to bed?

Bright Girl—Put the latch-key under the doormat for mother.

VICTORIA

H.B.C. Rural Delivery

A Trip Over the Malahat

By J. H. GRANT

MANY interesting stories have appeared in *The Beaver* about long, hard and dangerous journeys made by H.B.C. men in the far north. Readers might be interested in the more pleasant, more up-to-date but less dangerous journeys taken regularly by our Victoria rural delivery men.

Leaving the store at 8 a.m. with about a ton of general merchandise, we turn north along Douglas street, meeting many of the store employees on their way to work, along the gorge road past the gorge and Craigflower farm, up the four-mile hill, around the end of Esquimalt harbor to Colwood, then, turning to the right along the Goldstream road, we pass the Colwood golf links and at Langford, about eleven miles from the store, we reach the end of the paved road. As we hit the hard gravel road we realize that the city is left behind and we are starting our trip in earnest.

It is a lovely May morning. The air is warm and clear, the maples in full leaf and the dogwood trees covered with blossoms.

To our left, through the trees, we see glimpses of Langford lake, with summer cottages along the shore; then along Goldstream creek, where we cross and recross this narrow stream on white-washed bridges, moss-covered rocks and towering maples on either side almost shutting out the sun. A mile or so farther on we swing up the hill to the left and commence to climb the famous Malahat drive.

We rise very rapidly and, though we must use second and sometimes low gear (for our load is heavy), we continue to make fairly fast progress. Almost before we realize it we are several hundred feet up, skirting the edge of the cliff, with here and there a bridge over a deep gully, and always a sheer drop of hundreds of feet on our right. From here we get a splendid view of the Saanich Arm. Mile after mile we climb, and when we pass the summit, where the signpost says "Altitude1250 feet," I realize that No. 8 is a fine car. The driver says she can climb the side of a house or go sixty miles an hour. We stop a moment at Lookout point. From here we get a wonderful view to the east, with hundreds of square miles of land and water laid out like a map below, the limit being the coast range topped by Mount Baker some ninety miles away.

Far below us is the big Bamberton cement mill. We can see smoke rising up through the tall trees and hear the rumble of heavy machinery.

From Lookout point we start to descend toward Mill Bay. The road winds along the cliff and is very steep in places and bordered by tall trees. Soon I smell something and ask what is frying. The driver answers, "Oh that's my brake linings; they get pretty hot going down here with a load." We keep gliding along, taking the turns easily, and in about twenty minutes are again down to sea-level running along the beach. We cross Mill Stream, and farther on, about twenty-eight miles from the store, we deliver our first order. So you can see we are getting down to the business in hand.

Next we call at the village of Cobble Hill, then turn east toward the water again. This road takes us through heavy timber, and there are thousands of cords of wood in piles, with a big stump at one end giving some idea of how many cords can be cut from a single tree. From here on I become of some assistance to the driver, my special duty being to open and close gates. I would not like to say how many, but I soon become quite an expert at the job.

Some customers are kind enough to leave a box on a stump by the gate, where we deposit their parcels and pass on; others have goods sent C.O.D. and waste considerable time in finding their purses or their stockings. But, on the whole, we make good time and reach the town of Duncan about 11:30 a.m. We have six calls in Duncan, one being at the restaurant, where we have a quick lunch, and then start on our homeward trip by a little more round-about way.

First we go northeast to Quanichan Lake, which marks the farthest point from the store (a little over forty-five miles). From here we cross the Koksilah Indian reservation, the Koksilah flats and river, and then skirt the beach at Cowichan Bay, making several calls *en route;* then turn southwest toward Hillbank. We have several customers in a group here, and an equal number of gates to open; no wonder the driver is pleased because I am with him. I know now why he calls one lady a particularly good customer. She has a great big glass of real cream waiting for him. (Now don't smile, dear reader; cream, though a home product, is a very good substitute for some of the imported beverages the H.B.C. is noted for, especially when taken in any quantity. But the worst of it was, I didn't get in on this little treat at all.)

Our next call is at Cobble Hill, and from here we retrace our way along the Island Highway for home. Again we climb the Malahat, this time without the load, and the truck bowls along like a highpower touring car. We meet a good many cars going north, mostly American tourists making the Island trip. We cannot see very far ahead of us, so we hug the bank pretty well. Let the other fellow go over the cliff if he cares to. It's always the "other fellow" who makes the Malahat dangerous. However, we make the trip without a mishap, the driver watching the road while I enjoy the ever-changing view from high mountain road to the deep shade of Goldstream flats. Soon we strike the pavement again, and at 5:30 p.m. pull up at the store, having made about sixty calls and covered in all about one hundred and thirty miles. We'll call it a day.

Maytime Window Displays

The H.B.C. window displays during the Maytime frolic were the object of great interest to throngs of spectators. On May 24th, Victoria Day, one window was devoted to a display of the pictures of the late Queen Victoria with King George and Queen Mary on either side placed in front of a group of Empire flags. The exhibit was most effectively arranged with lambrequins and side curtains of red silk and a background of white silk.

Carried out in perfect detail was the June bride display occupying the large corner window. The bride, attended by two bridesmaids and two tiny flower girls, was posed in a scene with choristers in surplice and mortar boards, and appeared to be advancing towards the altar, behind which was a leaded glass window through which, by a clever device, the sun's rays poured.

As a suitable and striking background to the bride was seen the pipe organ, lending a touch of realism.

Another window which caused considerable interest about the same time was the fur display, where furs were shown in the making from the raw state to the finished article. A feature of the display was fashion's latest word in suitable neckpieces for summer wear.

Craigflower Farm
Ideal Picnic Ground

There are many charming spots around Victoria, but there are few places that lend themselves so well for picnic purposes as Craigflower Farm, the new home of the H.B.E.A.

When one looks upon the farmhouse with its new coat of white paint and smart trimmings, it is difficult to realize that it was erected over seventy years ago and is one of the first, if not the first, houses built in British Columbia. The property extends over sixty acres, and offers a number of ideal camp locations, many of which have already been leased for the summer months. We understand there are still some excellent sites to be obtained should one feel like spending a holiday in this delightful manner, but one should make early application to the secretary.

The picnic grounds, situated a few hundred yards from the farm house, are equipped with seats, tables and ample facilities for boiling water and preparing meals. Why not arrange a picnic amongst your friends, say on a Wednesday afternoon or Sunday? The gorge bus takes you to the door.

Let's Make Some Resolutions

"To do the right thing at the right time; to do some things better than they were ever done before; to eliminate errors; to know both sides of the question; to be courteous; to be an

example; to work for the love of the work; to anticipate requirements; to develop resources; to recognize no impediments; to master circumstances; to act from reason rather than from rule; to be satisfied with nothing short of perfection." Such is the advice given by Marshall Field, truly one of the greatest merchant princes of our day.

CALGARY

Church Convention

From June 12 to June 21 there occurred in Calgary a big convention, Church of the Brethren. Members from every state in the United States and from all over Canada came to Calgary. About three thousand were in attendance in all.

The Hudson's Bay Company took good care that these people went away with a good impression of the Company and all our city. The new souvenir spoons carrying the Company's crest were in stock at the time, and many of the church people obtained them to take home.

The management of the H.B.C. store set aside the rooms contained in the model bungalow on the fourth floor for the use of the convention attendants. These rooms were fitted with comfortable chairs, writing desks and writing materials.

A cordial invitation was sent to all Church of the Brethren members who were in Calgary to make use of the H.B.C. store services, and during the days of the convention a great many availed themselves of the opportunity to use the bungalow rooms for committee meetings, to visit the observation tower on the roof, and to utilize our restaurants.

The committee of arrangements for the convention expressed themselves as being highly delighted with Hudson's Bay hospitality.

Store Committee

The following were elected on May 25th: Representing the managers, R. C. Gordon, fur department; office, cashiers, etc., J. Burridge, office; selling staff, J. Cassidy, staples department; non-selling staff, C. Nichols, electrician.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

The name of the porter who mistook a fair member of the grocery department for a beautiful plant and abundantly watered her.

The identity of the young lady in the adjustment bureau who warmed the water before drowning the kittens so as not to give them such a shock.

Who it was, when showing the children how to play "whales" at William Head, blew out his false teeth and nearly drowned himself trying to recover them.

The name of the young lady in the shoe department who vamped the customs official to such an extent that her passport read: Color of eyes, blonde; color of hair, blue.

Swimming Notes

The girls' swimming club is reported to have many new members, and is arousing considerable enthusiasm among the feminine members of the staff. Miss Esther Florence, of the cashiers, is the most prominent of the amateurs, although one young lady is reported to have lost twenty-five-pounds already in this strenuous exercise. We can see how Walter Camp's phonograph exercise records may soon lose their popularity.

News Notes

William Kitson, who has charge of the main floor sales tables, was knocked down on May 7th by a car just outside the staff entrance. Mr. Kitson sustained injuries to the head and back and the wheels of the machine passed over both legs just above the knees. Although he was in the hospital two weeks as a result of this painful accident still Mr. Kitson states that he was lucky that the injuries were no worse. After being away from business a month, he returned to work full of his usual energy and ambition.

Mr. Walsh, assistant in the shoe department, is reported to have had another addition to his family. The youngster is doing well, although Joe hasn't had an awful lot of experience in handling her yet. The name of this addition is Miss "Gray-Dort." She is supposed to have four full-sized cylinders surrounded by a few tires and things. Previously Joe has been a golf enthusiast, but is reported to be applying for a divorce from the golf club in order to have more time to spend with Miss Dort.

Hard on His Shoulder Blades

The smart new coat of the village dude began to show creases.

"You ought to have a coat hanger, Bill," said his friend.

A few days later he asked if the coat-hanger was satisfactory.

"It's all right," grumbled Bill, "but the wood hurts my shoulder blades and the hook shoves my hat over my eyes."

Sports Notes

Baseball

The H.B.E.W.A. baseball league got under way on June 7th, after being postponed on account of the heavy rains we have experienced here.

This year ceremonies attending the opening were well calculated to give spectators a real thrill. Mr. Higgins, merchandise manager, pitched the first ball, with Mr. Hughes, superintendent, on the receiving end, and Mr. Mason, credit manager, batter. Mr. Mason acted in the same capacity in the opening last year, hitting the first ball pitched. This year Mr. Higgins must have had something mysterious on the ball, because Mr. Mason struck out. This is the third game of the schedule. A 24-game schedule has been arranged in two parts. Winners of the first half will play the winners of the second half for the championship at the close of the season.

The same three teams are in the league this year as last: *Beavers*, Mr. Benson, manager; *Bearcats*, Mr. McKellar, manager; and *Tigers*, Mr. Bennett, manager. The *Beavers* won from the *Bearcats* in the opening. In the second game the *Bearcats* had the *Tigers* licked in 4½ innings, when the game was called on account of rain. The third game was played June 14th, when the *Tigers* won from the *Beavers*.

Interest in baseball this season runs high, and many exciting games are expected.

Girls' Baseball

A short time ago several of the staff got together and called for candidates for a girls' baseball league. To date, three teams have been organized. Games have been postponed on account of rain, but it is expected that the girls, under the official coaching of Len Letroy, of the men's furnishings department, will develop a lot of speed and "pep" and put on some hard fought games before the season is over.

Cricket

This season the H.B.E.W.A. has a cricket club which is a member of the Calgary district Wednesday league. To date two games have been played. The H.B.C. team opened their season in fine style by defeating the Calgary *Tigers* 98 to 73. H.B.C. won the second game also, beating South Calgary cricket club 140 to 112.

It is interesting to note that a great many of the players on the other teams are senior club men, which speaks well for the ability of H.B.C. players.

Any Hudson's Bay employee from another branch who happens to be in Calgary during the season and who is interested in cricket is cordially invited to spend a pleasant afternoon at the new cricket pitch at the clubhouse at Parkdale.

THE SEA

By B. F. Sced

O Sea, what hast thou in thy breast
That makes me so I cannot rest
Away from thee?

The boundless harvest of thy fields
The food for tens of millions yields,
O generous Sea.

When human elves tear at thy breast
To wrench the treasures from thy chest,
They laugh at thee.

When, in thy rage thou show'st thy scorn
For man-made things in pieces torn,
They curse at thee.

And in thy bosom soft and deep
Thousands take their last long sleep,
O blessed Sea.

And when I lay me down to die
I pray that I may near thee lie,
O peaceful Sea.

Golf

Since the opening of the new H.B.C. links, interest in golf has been at a high pitch, although much bad weather has been experienced. Golfers in Calgary, however, are willing to forego a game or two as long as we get the rain. At times when it was possible to play, the course has been thronged not only with many members of the welfare association but a great many people from outside playing as guests. The

interest maintained by the outsiders proves the quality of the course, as nearly everyone pronounces it as interesting a nine-hole course as could be found in a long journey.

Several "near holes in one" have been made, and one actual performance is recorded for an outside player. Recently the course was changed somewhat, one or two of the tees being moved into position where it was thought that an improvement would be obtained. The first round for the Seal of Quality cup competition is being staged as this is written. A great many players are interested. Handicaps have been arranged and by the time this appears in print many interesting matches will have been played.

Ladies' Golf

Several ladies of the store are enthusiastic golfers and have entered in the ladies' club championship competition. The event will be run off in a series of elimination matches in a similar manner to the men's competition. The silver cup is emblematic of the ladies' championship for a year. The winner also receives a small duplicate of the cup to retain.

Editor's Note—An epidemic of poetry is appearing at Calgary. So far the staff physicians have not considered that there is serious danger of the contagion affecting the rest of the staff. Further reports will be forwarded as the epidemic develops. The two samples in this issue, although widely different in type, show real merit we believe, and both are original.

De Outpost in Keewatin

By LEONARDO

You remembaire dat big poem dat was in the monthly Beaver
Of Novembre, 1920, what mak' you laugh till come de fever,
An' it was writ by one George Souter, who act as "Bay" receiver
Of the furs at de outpost in Keewatin?
Me, I lak' to read dat poem. For it often bring de tear
Of the laugh come from de heart an' not de outside ear.
It gon' mak' me laugh for long tam', maybe year an' den more year,
Dat leetle story of de outpost in Keewatin.

It sure mus' be de life out dere for dat yo'ng Souter guy.
Me say him yo'ng, but me don' know for sure de reason why;
But me, I t'ink de old man mak' for sure one grave to die
From de rough at de outpost in Keewatin.
For it tak' de heart of yo'ng man to live out dere alone
When nite an' day, an' sometam' between, he have de long for home.
But dat's de ting for sure your call one old contention bone.
So you keep live at de outpost in Keewatin.

Now me, I sit here t'inking, as I mak' dis leetle write,
Dat maybe George get jealous an' want mak' start for one beeg fight.
But me, I work for H.B.C. an' dey keep me skinny an' too light
For mak' de mush to de outpost in Keewatin.
Mais, c'est pas vrai, he no get jealous, George, he's d'Angleterre.
An' he no give one leetle th'ot, or what you gon' call a care,
How much one French-Canayen rave an' mak' for tear his hair
'Bout such leetle t'ing as de outpost in Keewatin.

Mon vieux, me sure do lak' it, George, to live dat open life
Lak' you, away from de citee an' all de stress an' strife.
Vois tu, je suis one single man, pas les enfants, an' no wife
For mak' me work at de outpost in Keewatin.
For de citee, he's so empty an' all tam' look so bare
Of de t'ings le bon Dieu gave us—of de trees an' de beeg air—
An' you get for feel sad an' ver' blue an' don' give one darn care
But mak' wish dat you live at de outpost in Keewatin.

C'est vrai, we have de tennis here, an' sometam' de other game
Lak' de football—get de kick on shin an' den de other fellow blame—
But all de's fun he's not enouf for de heart what go so lame
For to live at de outpost in Keewatin.
In citee we have de pie and cake—all fancy stuff we eat—
But me, I lak' de egg an' ham, or maybe de bannock meat,
An' use any old t'ing for sit on, or maybe, too, don' have no seat
At such leetle place as de outpost in Keewatin.

WINNIPEG

Assistant Stores Commissioners Leave

THE Canadian Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company announce the resignations of James S. Braidwood and J. M. Gibson, assistant stores commissioners at Winnipeg, July 31st.

Mr. Braidwood has spent over twenty years and Mr. Gibson over eight years in loyal and arduous service to the Company in various capacities. Their associated work during the last two years has been of a specially difficult character, due to the generally trying and depressed trade conditions.

Both gentlemen leave with the Company's goodwill and best wishes for their future success, together with the Company's thanks and appreciation for their past services.

Announcement will be made later as to new appointments in the stores administration to fill the gap created.

Mr. Braidwood says that he will return to Victoria for the winter and with his family will then make an extended tour of the old country before settling down.

Mr. Gibson plans to take a year's holiday with his family near Prestwick, Scotland, the home of his boyhood days. He has made no definite plans for the future in a business way.

An "Ancient" Cheque

W. A. Wylde, cashier at the general offices, Winnipeg, mentions a cheque drawn by the Company on May 18, 1917, in favor of the White Star Manufacturing Company which has just been presented for payment and was charged to H.B.C. account on June 18, 1923. The cheque would naturally have become outlawed after this long period, and the bank had asked Mr. Wylde if it was okey to pay.

FEMALE CHATTER

"Fields look green far away." But it is lots more fun fishing for Pearl(s) in Winnipeg than picking lemons in Los Angeles.

The suggestion box had a note in it the other day to the effect that the good feelings toward Miss C. Sargent and C. Robinson would be saved many a jolt if dusters were requisitioned instead of "taken."

Frank was seen at Winnipeg Beach last week-end. Was Freda in Winnipeg?

Whatever attraction Florence (St.) must have for Bert, he surely made a hit.

This week's accident report has an item *re* the H.B.C. star twirler. She wasn't twirling, but dusting. Who carries the safety pins now?

The Elliott-Fisher bookkeeping machine and a Dodge Brothers truck may prove to be excellent matter for lengthy discussion, but wait for illustrated lecture "Cash Register and the Ford."

Heard over the garden fence: Special messenger, eh? Yes, the most beautiful roses you ever saw! Those two are going to get hitched yet.

A "POME" BY MISS BOAKE AND T.F.R.

(With apologies to the author of "My Mother")

Who rises in the early morn
As with an energy newborn
And lists for toot of auto horn?
—The golfer.

What does he tackle with such vim,
Putting forth the best in him
In hope the other man to trim?
—Why, golf.

Yea, though he's given a handicap,
He still may beat the other chap
By wielding a more dexterous rap
—At golf.

And should he be an arrant dub
And wield a wicked golfing club,
Who scores with careless pencil stub?
—The golfer.

And when he fans the empty air
And strikes the "pill" that isn't there,
Whose language tends to raise the hair?
—The golfer's.

Who is it wildly cries out "fore!"
As slow-pokes calmly tot their score
And linger for just one putt more?
—The golfer.

Whose wives and homes, and kith and kin,
When days are fine ne'er find them in?
Whose sole ambition's to reach the pin?
—All golfers.

And when the 19th hole is won,
And yarns go round anent the fun,
Whose deeds beyond all credence run?
—The golfer's.

H.B.C. Golf Competition

WITH but two or three exceptions all golfers in the Company's ranks at Winnipeg have "joined up" for this tourney. Thirty-four are competing. The sportsmanship of the commissioners and other H.B.C. officials and managers is outstanding in this event, as they are giving it almost unanimous support.

Employees of all ranks have subscribed. Even those just beginning to play the game have not been backward, but have come forward in a body.

The elected handicap committee, Messrs. Keele, Brock and Thomas, met Wednesday, June 6th, at 1 p.m., determined the handicaps and made the draw for first round, which has been played off with the following results (net scores are shown):

Handicap		
7—J. M. Gibson	F. R. Peirson	
12—F. R. Peirson	96-98	
14—C. W. Veysey	C. W. Veysey	
16—A. Brock	79-96	
16—W. M. Conn	W. M. Conn	
19—W. R. Ogston	84-91	
21—W. M. McLean	C. M. Thomas	
12—C. M. Thomas	86-90	
35—B. Everitt	A. H. Keele	
15—A. H. Keele	83-93	
22—T. Upjohn	Q. R. Scott	
35—Q. R. Scott	91-104	
8—T. F. Reith	T. F. Reith	
21—G. W. Ashbrook	.....	
26—A. C. Dunbar	A. C. Dunbar	
35—J. H. Pearen	91-109	
15—J. Reid	J. Allan	
15—J. Allan	77-79	
23—W. Pearson	W. Pearson	
23—R. A. Cunningham	.....	
29—R. Leckie	R. Leckie	
35—S. Drennan	103-117	
31—W. Davison	W. Davison	
19—R. Douglas	86-88	
35—J. Whalley	W. Watson	
23—W. Watson	96-98	
33—Miss Morrison	Miss Morrison	
35—Miss Killer	79-86	
35—Miss Walsh	Mr. Sawyer	
18—Mr. Sawyer	102-117	
18—R. Fowle	A. Miller	
27—A. Miller	87-94	
35—H. H. Hollier	A. Brabant	
19—A. Brabant	(forfeited)	

Second round games must be played and scores handed to the secretary not later than Monday, July 2nd. The committee decided on June 17th that not more than 48 hours' extension can be allowed players beyond the date set for completion of each round.

First games revealed some real golfing talent which had not yet been uncovered amongst the H.B.C. staffs. The showing made by Messrs. Veysey, Allan, Reid, Scott, Keele and Conn was particularly noted. Both Mr. Allan and Mr. Reid made four holes in par at Assiniboine. Mr. Davison, a beginner, made two holes in par at the Municipal. Mr. Conn had 46 for ten holes.

Land Department

T. H. Thorogood, who has been with the H.B.C. land department for two and a half years, resigned to take a position with the provincial government. "Tommy," who was a great favorite, especially with the ladies, will be missed very much.

Mrs. Gilchrist, nee Miss Olive Card, resigned last month. She had been with the land department for nearly six years.

Retail Store Notes

Miss Evans, of the hosiery department, recently entertained at a miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss Knox, a bride-elect of June. Miss Knox has been a cashier for about six years and is very popular.

Little Miss Alfreda Shepherd and Master Walter Van-Male, dressed to represent a bride and groom, presented the many gifts, which were arranged in a dainty white carriage.

The table was centered with a miniature bride and decorated with crepe paper bells and streamers.

Among the guests were: Misses Annie Scotland, Gladys Roe, Louise Cook, Ethel Reid, Alice Dickenson, Pearl Young, Nellie Senior, Hetty Shaw, Mrs. L. Craven and Mrs. H. Bell, all of the store, besides others.

Isabel takes with her the good wishes of all her associates for a happy and prosperous wedded life.

S. D. Gilkerson, merchandise manager, enjoyed a three weeks' vacation in June, visiting various cities to the east and south, including Minneapolis, Milwaukee and Buffalo.

Miss A. Guest, of the music department, is also touring the States, her vacation extending for a month or more.

Messrs. Diamond, Cunningham, Robinson and Dunbar, and the Misses Tattersall, Rundle, Birch and Camp-

bell were others who chose the merry month of June for vacationing.

We are glad to welcome back Sam Beggs, our master tailor, after an illness extending over several months. Mr. Frankish, buyer for the notions and neckwear, was also able to pay the store a visit the other day, and we hope ere long will be sufficiently recovered to report for duty again.

Our sympathies go out to Miss Williams, of the dressmaking department, who lost a sister on June 5th after a short illness; to Mrs. Martin, of the fur repair workroom, whose husband passed away recently; also to Mrs. Parsons, of the blouse department, whose little son of 12 years died from sleeping sickness the early part of June.

Sports Days

By T. F. REITH

THESE are glorious summer sports days at Winnipeg. The staff are enjoying outdoor activities to the utmost—gardening, picnicing, tennis, golf, baseball, dancing and motoring. Week-ends at the summer resorts are popular, especially in view of the Sunday trains, which enable one to return in the evening invigorated by the change of air and scene and ready for the next week's business.

Saturday afternoons the tennis courts present a busy scene, both male and female members taking full advantage of the facilities for play. Our courts are now in fine condition and are among the finest in the city.

H.B.C. golfers are to be seen on many links, the most popular being the municipal and the Assiniboine. Some of the more enthusiastic golfers play a round in the early morning before coming to business.

Messrs. Drennan, Pearen *et al* were arrested one day in the wee sma' hours of the morning and charged with vagrancy and having no fixed abode. They were found aimlessly wandering around the Assiniboine golf course as if in search of something. Sam was murmuring something about the sixth one he had lost. Asked what his handicap was Mr. Pearen replied, "A wife and three children."

Was it D.....n or P.....n?

At a golf club one Sunday morning a member turned up late. Asked why, he said it was really a toss-up whether he should come there that morning or go to church. "And I had to toss up fifteen times," he added.

A thought for the determined duffer: He gets twice as much fun out of golf as the good player, owing to the many more swats he has at the pill.

Moderation in the Delivery

On a warm afternoon last month one of our delivery men called to deliver a package in Fort Rouge. The man of the house opened the door. "It's pretty hot," he said, "will you have a drink?" The poor delivery man's "tongue was hanging out" and this seemed strange good fortune indeed. He stepped inside with an eager gleam in his eye as he waited for the wet goods to be produced. But, ye gods, this is what the obliging householder said as he brought forth a glass, "*Better let the tap run awhile; it'll be colder.*"

—Reported by A. Mills.

A Bride of June

Congratulations were showered upon Miss Lettie Booth (now Mrs. Temple) on her departure from our midst to make life happier for one lucky man. She had been a popular and conscientious worker, serving the store as clerk in the receiving room for upwards of eight years. Always a leader in sports and in social activities, besides being a willing welfare worker, she will be missed by all and remembered with fondness. On the evening of May 30th, Mr. Ogston, in the name of fellow employees, presented her with a very handsome French Limoges dinner set as an expression of the high regard in which she was held. Showers of confetti and wishes for a long and happy married life were accorded her as she left.

Girls' Baseball Team

Is now an established organization. After making a poor start, losing the first two games to Robinson's and Centrals respectively, the girls have finally hit their stride. In the third game they defeated the Alexandra school girls by two runs, the score being

27-25. Our girls had the game well in hand, and the score at the end of the eighth inning was 27-18. The Alexandra girls made a spurt in their half of the ninth, but it wasn't quite enough to win.

The following evening the girls beat Robinson's 28-19. Although not such an interesting game as the previous one, it provided plenty of thrills to the large number of onlookers.

Later the Amputation club of maimed returned men challenged the girls to a game and defeated them by a close score. A one-legged veteran on crutches playing the outfield was the surprise of the team with his nimbleness and skill. The other men were all minus an arm.

Our team has entered the Winnipeg girls' baseball league and will play one match a week. Grounds have been secured at Happyland on Portage avenue, and all home games will be played there.

Co-operate With the Mail Order

The mail order (personal shopping service) is much simplified when the co-operation of the department is obtained.

A mail order customer should be regarded as quite as important as the ordinary city customer, in fact more important, because the customer who has to take the trouble to write a letter and describe her needs requires a better service than a customer who can see the goods on the counter and make her choice. The aim of the departments should be to give the mail order customer the very best and quickest service possible. Orders filled promptly and every possible detail given in replying to enquiries will react to the great benefit of that department.

There are many who realize that this policy pays, but full co-operation is wanting in some departments.

When advertising is being prepared, out-of-town prospects are often forgotten. Our local papers enjoy a wide circulation through the west and an attractive advertisement directed to both city and outside prospects would help swell the volume of the mail order receipts considerably. Always bear in mind that an enquiry is a prospective customer who may become a permanent asset to the store.—*G. Simms.*

There are fifty-seven rules for success in business. The first is to deliver the goods. Never mind the other fifty-six.

When you fill in the blank "Where were you born?" be thankful that the next question is not "Why?"

If a man says too much about his honesty, get an indorsement on his note.

Credit is the reward the public gives you for doing what you should have done anyhow.

Poverty is often the alarm clock that awakens genius out of its slumber.

The more steam you put behind your work, the louder you can whistle when it's done.

EDMONTON

Salteaux Indians Pay H.B.C. a Call

By J. PREST

PERHAPS for the first time in the history of modern Edmonton did members of the Salteaux Indian tribe pay it a visit, the H.B.C. advertising office as usual being the first friendly port of call. Ever since the time of the pageant in commemoration of the 250th anniversary, Indians have made this department their rendezvous for information and advice. Never a month passes but that Crees and Montanas from the Hobbema reserve, sixty miles south of Edmonton, call in small parties seeking kindly advice on various matters, chiefly on making purchases in the store.

But even from much greater distances have Indians made this department their haven of refuge. Only recently two Blackfeet from Gleichen arrived seeking information in regard to where they should board the train for the nearest point to the Saddle Lake reserve, east of Edmonton on the C.N.R. Needless to say, they were escorted to the right depot and placed safely on the train. Stoneys from the Morley reserve, west of Calgary, have also visited the advertising department from time to time and received advice and help.

But to get back to the pith of the story: "How members of the Salteaux tribe came to pay a call." It appears that this wandering tribe never took

treaty with the government, preferring to remain out and seek their livelihood by hunting as they had for generations before the advent of the white man. As settlement advanced and other tribes were quartered on reservations as wards of the government, this band headed west for the wilderness country around Buck lake and the foothills of the Rocky mountains, a vast region of timbered country which will never be settled. Here this small band of about fifty have resided, living by hunting and fishing. Beaver are very plentiful in this district, and the government gave a special permit for them to trap the animals. It was for the purpose of bringing the skins to town that these Salteaux came, and for the first time saw the sights of Edmonton. They were escorted to the advertising office by a friendly Cree from the Hobbema reserve, which they visited on their way up, and their mission was made known.

The Salteaux tribe originally inhabited the plains of Manitoba, and are still to be found in fairly large numbers hunting and fishing in the northern region of Lake Winnipeg, but this is undoubtedly the only band in existence in Alberta and, to the best of my knowledge, the only tribe still living outside of government reservations in Canada, except in the very far north.

The beaver pelts were taken to the provincial government buildings, and cheques were made out for the full value of same, one in the amount of $85 payable to Jim Muskeg, the other for $75 payable to Bear's Paw. The next business was to get the cheques cashed at the Bank of Montreal. As neither could write or spell his name, the writer had to endorse the cheques for them, to which they were to sign a cross. This also required no little effort for Jim Muskeg, and ended in splashing the ink all over the cheque. Then the payment came in crisp new ten-dollar bills, a sight to gladden the eyes of anyone; but not so the Salteaux. A "ten spot" meant nothing to them. After a regular tirade of unintelligible words their Cree friend explained that they could not understand the value of the ten-dollar denomination and wanted one-dollar bills for the full amount. This, of course, was granted and the money counted out one by one into their hands.

The next step was to make many important purchases in the way of blankets, trinkets and other merchandise dear to the heart of the redskin. Naturally, the H.B.C. derived the full benefit of the transaction and, what is more, made a lasting friendship with new customers—yes, very new indeed.

Now, many will say, why go to all this trouble over illiterate Indians? In the first place is it not the Company's bounden duty to be the trusted friend of the Indians today just as much as in the past? Do we not owe them a debt of gratitude for their loyalty and devotion during many turbulent times in the past when rival traders sought to win them away from the Company and failed? Have we forgotten that the Indians were our sole source of trade, our only customers, for two and a quarter centuries or more? Then, is it to be considered a needless trouble to retain their trust and friendship in this modern age and to forget the past?

As old Chief Ermine Skin once told me, they look to the Hudson's Bay as their next best friend to the government, whose wards they are at present. Apart from a sentimental point of view, we owe them a debt which can never be paid in full, for without the co-operation of the Indians in the early days, their trade and their friendliness, the *Great Traders of the Great West* would have passed into oblivion, as many rivals rapidly did. Then let us all, no matter in what H.B.C. store we are employed, go out of our way to foster this spirit of friendship which was cradled two and a half centuries ago on the shores of Hudson Bay.

H.B.C. Tennis Club

The tennis courts on the Hudson's Bay Company athletic grounds are well filled every evening when the weather is favorable, the four courts being taxed to the limit in finding accommodation. The committee elected to carry on the season's activities were Miss E. Drew (secretary-treasurer), Miss J. MacLeod and Messrs. Bergot and Baker.

Miss Mumford and Miss See, of the drug and candy sections respectively, are both newcomers whom we are pleased to welcome to our store.

Ladies' Basketball

The H.B.C. team has got away to a good start in the series of games now being played in the mercantile basketball league, having won their first two matches. There are eight teams from various organizations in the city entered in the league for the coveted Hudson's Bay challenge cup. The teams have been divided into two sections, A and B, and the winners of each section will then play off the final, about the middle of July. Our girls are putting up good individual play, but more combination work will materially help if they reach the finals. Basketball has had a great stimulus during the past few weeks, owing to our commercial graduate team winning the world's championship against Cleveland, U.S.A. Be it noted that three of the players on this wonderful team played on mercantile league teams last season and, with the very excellent material still being moulded into shape on the league teams this season, Edmonton will no doubt be in a position to challenge the world again next year. The H.B.C. team consists of the following: *Ethel Soley (captain), Etheleen McEwen (vice-captain), Gladys Barker, Cecelia Brissette, Bessie Semple, Hilda Bagnell, Nellie Nicholson and Nora Elrick.*

It's rather late, but still we must announce the arrival of two bouncing baby boys. Mr. Taylor, of the staples section, and Mr. MacVicar, of the ladies' shoes, are the happy possessors, respectively. Hearty congratulations.

Mrs. McLean, of the linen section, is progressing favorably after a severe operation.

Miss Harvey, of the boys' clothing, is still away on sick leave, but is slowly making recovery.

Deepest sympathy is extended to Miss Albers, of the staples section, on the sudden death of her mother.

Mrs. Duncan and Miss Noble left last month to attend the corset school of instruction which is being held in Calgary.

The following employees have left the store for other parts: J. Harkness, for many years assistant manager of the men's section; Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Walker and Mr. Ross; Misses Stevenson, McKeever, Anton, Prideaux, Pettifer; Mrs. Slark and Mrs. Lawson.

Mr. Davies left for England on a three months' leave of absence visiting relatives.

Mr. McFarlan has once again returned after several months' convalescence from a serious accident. We are all pleased to see him back in his accustomed place.

The following departmental managers are away holidaying: Mrs. McDermid, Miss McDonald, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Graham.

Miss Della Sullivan, of the *Hudsonia* dining room staff, has left the store after three years' active service. She will leave behind a host of friends.

Mr. Dodman, from the head office staff, Winnipeg, was a recent visitor to Edmonton, inspecting stocks. Many of us who knew him whilst in charge of the Edmonton store were very pleased to see him looking so well.

WIT AND HUMOR

A certain old dame had three lodgers and was much troubled by their coming in late at night. One day, after a particularly late home-coming, she addressed them angrily: "You three are a fine pair. You didn't come in last night until three o'clock this morning. I've warned you half a dozen times before and I won't warn you twice. If you are going to stay here and carry on like that, you'd better leave at once."

"My dear, we have been married forty years and my husband has never deceived me yet."

"Well now; isn't that nice?"

"Yes, isn't it? I can tell every time he's lying!"

The defendant, charged with keeping a dog without a license, tried to interrupt the evidence.

"Do you wish the court to understand that you refuse to renew your dog license?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, your worship, but—"

"We want no 'buts'. You will be fined. You know the license has expired."

"Yes, but—so has the dog!"

VERNON, B.C.

Upper Row—T. M. Bone, L. R. Barnett, H. I. Masters, Miss Alice Wakefield, R Trench, H. Excell, Miss G. Gridland, F. J. Ricketts, E. J. Lancely.
Second Row—H. J. Stephenson. Miss L. Livingston, F. W. Edens, Mrs. L. R. Barnett.
Bottom Row—Miss F. Potts, Miss E M. Wakefield Miss O. Ripley, E. Ripley.

Historical Pageant

His Majesty the King's birthday was celebrated in royal fashion in Vernon when the ladies' auxiliary of the Jubilee hospital staged an historical pageant of early Canadian history in seven episodes: First, the Indian legend "Glooscap;" second, John Cabot, 1497; third, Jacques Cartier, 1524; fourth, Samuel Champlain, 1639; fifth, the Founding of the Hudson's Bay Company, 1670; sixth, Evangeline, 1745; and seventh, the end of the fight, Wolfe takes Quebec, 1759. Our part of the programme was number five, and to Mr. Lanceley goes the credit of its successful staging, for not only was he wardrobe manager and dresser, but he also played the part of Radisson to perfection.

Miss Redgrave Weds

Miss Kate Redgrave, who for the past six and a half years has been in the shoe department and incidentally one of the most popular girls on the staff, punched the clock for the last time on June 1st and left for Vancouver, there to become the bride of T. T. McKee. A set of silver tableware was presented by Mr. Lanceley, who in a few well chosen words conveyed to her the best wishes of the entire staff. She was also the guest of honour at miscellaneous and kitchen showers at the homes of Mrs. Charles Woods and Mrs. James Mitchell respectively.

We welcome back to the staff Miss Frances Wakefield, who has joined the sales force of the shoe department. Frances has been away for six months, during which time she visited the Old Land, Spain and her birthplace, Gibraltar (fancy claiming the Rock as your own home town). She returned by way of New York. Some trip! But she says she was glad to return.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized on June 4th, when Charles Holland, our city deliveryman, took unto himself as life partner Miss Dorothy Ricketts, an ex-member of the staff and the second daughter of John Ricketts, who also toots the horn on a Lizzie on the country car. (Peace and harmony reigns in the shipping room now). Charlie was presented with a sea-grass rocker and the best wishes of the staff.

Flowers are very mannerly guests. They always come just when we are beginning to be anxious about them, and never stay too long.

It is curious that flowers, which are the most transient and perishable things, should be used by men to mark the things that last for ever —marriage for example, and death.

We always think of flowers and the country together, but a lot of the preciousness of flowers is that they bring the country into the town—where it is wanted so badly.

Peacocks were eaten in England till about 1700—chiefly at baronial feasts! They appeared on the table in their feathers and with their tails opened out.

Forks were not introduced to English tables till about the year 1600. When English people had found out about forks—and had learned to use them, which was not easy—joints came into fashion. Joints had been rather difficult without forks.

JOHNNIE WAS RIGHT

Teacher—Willie, have you whispered today without permission?

Willie—Yes, wunst.

Teacher—Johnnie, should Willie have said "wunst?"

Johnnie (triumphantly)—No, ma'am; he should have said "twi'st."

KAMLOOPS

H. Nixon, of the delivery department, has been appointed correspondent to *The Beaver* in place of Miss E. Dandy.

J. E. Andrews is back from the H.B.C. stores managers' conference at Winnipeg.

We are indeed having a peculiar summer after a wet month of May. June jumped in upon us with 85 in the shade, and now comes a cloud-burst, accompanied with hail the size of marbles. We wonder what next the weather man will give us?

The tobacco department is going strong with soft drinks. Kamloops is a real dry belt.

Now that C. H. Perry and F. C. Wellman are at "the war," we are sleeping more soundly at night, contented that they are guarding the city. Hope they have a good time on their vacation with the B.C. Horse at camp.

Miss Barr's neck is now better. Thank you for asking. It only got scalded playing golf.

We intend staging a side show at the Kamloops pageant on July 1st which is going to be an elaborate affair and remembered for some time. A full report will be published in the August *Beaver.*

Who was the clerk that forgot her number?

Miss Cozens says that capsoline is great "stuff a yard" for stiff neck. Wonder what Marshall has to say about it? Perhaps that she should not hang over the fence too late at nights.

Miss Cozens entertained the store girls to a garden picnic on June 13th. No men allowed except Leslie. Why? Notice—Will the men please keep out of the graveyard on this occasion?

The Kamloops staff was well represented at the joint picnic of the Kamloops and Vernon Elks.

We would like to know the name of Miss Cozens' new beau—the one who brings her flowers every day.

VANCOUVER

H. T. Lockyer Receives Congratulations

AS a compliment to the high position which he has just attained with the Hudson's Bay Company, a club banquet was tendered H. T. Lockyer on Friday evening, June the 8th, at the Shaughnessy Heights golf club.

Forty of his friends were gathered around the banquet table, this representation including every phase of Vancouver's social and club life. A. H. Doe, the Company's secretary from London, who was visiting in Vancouver for a few days, was also present.

Compliments from many oldtime friends and acquaintances were paid to Mr. Lockyer during the evening. The fine tribute paid to his sportsmanlike spirit showed that Mr. Lockyer's high merit is appreciated by his social and club friends no less than his executive ability was recognized by the Company.

The history and progress of the Hudson's Bay Company in Vancouver was shown to be indissolubly linked up with the career of Mr. Lockyer.

T. W. Fletcher, past president of the golf club, acted as toastmaster.

Among those present were: T. W. Fletcher, W. E. Davidson, F. Buscombe, H. H. Watson, R. J. Cromie, D. O. Bowen, Dr. J. A. Houston, Chas. E. Dawson, W. R. Carmichael, J. S. Eckman, A. E. Howard, J. Dunsmuir, R. H. Cliburn, H. V. Pratt, G. L. Fraser, E. J. McIllreey, Alfred Shaw, W. Doe (secretary Hudson's Bay Company in London), S. W. Wilson, Sam Stewart, J. M. Atkins, Con Jones, R. B. Parkes, P. P. Lewis, B. Greer, E. Baschlin, A. L. Hagar, G. Trorey, Dill Jones, Frank Begg, J. W. Pattison, E. J. Cameron, E. E. Beck, A. H. Edwards, E. J. Coyle, John Hanbury and Milton Oppenheimer.

The entire staff of Vancouver take this opportunity to express their congratulations to our general manager on his recent appointment.

Speaking of stingy people, we heard of a fellow who had two teeth extracted and then asked that his board bill be reduced.

A SCOT'S NATURAL DEATH

The difference between an Englishman and a Scotsman has been described as follows: An Englishman loves telling a story about some other fellow, and a Scotsman loves telling a story about himself. It is not surprising, therefore, to find Sir Auckland Geddes relating an incident in which one of his own countrymen figures as the somewhat doubtful hero.

A Scotsman in the Strand saw a passer-by drop half-a-crown. He dived into the traffic after it, was run over and killed.

The coroner returned a verdict of "Death from natural causes."

They Like California

Miss Thompson, of the credit department, has left for California, where she will spend her holidays, returning to Vancouver in about three weeks.

Miss Crawford has left for three months' vacation. On her return from California she is to be married.

Miss Ham has left the Vancouver store and intends to make an indefinite visit to California.

Miss Gladys Griffiths is visiting relatives in California.

Miss Lucy Hughes has left the Vancouver store and intends to make an indefinite visit to California.

10,000 New Customers Campaign

Indeed Vancouver store never inaugurated an event that met such popular favor. It's the talk of the west. A competition is being staged between the selling and non-selling staff to see which section of the store can bring the most regular customers to the store. At the time of writing and since the beginning of the campaign, which started on April 9th, we have added 3000 new names to our list of satisfied customers, enabling the store to enjoy busy times while other stores are talking blue ruin. Ten thousand new customers is the objective, and we can only reach it by everyone keeping their shoulder to the wheel.

Shower for Brides-Elect

Mrs. Percival, Barclay street, was hostess last month at a miscellaneous shower in honor of Mrs. Grover and Miss Jessie Jamieson, who have recently left the store to be married. The evening was spent in music, singing and dancing, after which dainty refreshments were served. The table, presided over by Mrs. Percival, was beautifully decorated with flowers and miniature kewpies. The brides-elect were the recipients of a large number of dainty and useful gifts. Those present were: Mrs. Percival, Mrs. Grover, Miss Jamieson, Miss Bennett, Mrs. Cameron, Miss E. Jamieson, Miss B. Jamieson, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Chisholm, Miss Gaulte, Miss Spiers, Miss Morton, Miss Hallisey, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Hallisey, Miss Preston, Miss Walker, Mrs. McCarthy, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Rudston, Mrs. Corbett, Miss G. Gosse, Mrs. Semple, Mrs. McConnel, Miss Ashley, Miss Higgins and Miss Blake.

Enthusiasm is the driving force of character. It makes strong men; it arouses unsuspected resources of ability.

The successful worker today is he who singles out from a vast number of possible employments some specialty and devotes himself to that thoroughly.

The great difference between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, then death or victory.

One of the winning forces in life consists in being handicapped.

The world generally gives its admiration, not to the man who does what nobody else ever attempts to do, but to the man who does best what the multitude does well.

Be open to new ideas. It is time enough to be conservative when there is no more room for improvement.

No policy pays like politeness. Good manners, like the gold standard, are current the world over.

MIGHT AS WELL BE GLAD

I had a little Sorrow,
Born of a little Sin.
I found a room all damp with Gloom
And shut us all within.
And "Little Sorrow, weep" said I;
And "Little Sin, pray God to die"
And I upon the floor will lie
And think how bad I've been."

Alas, for pious planning!
It mattered not one whit.
As far as Gloom went in that room
The lamp might have been lit.
My Little Sorrow would not weep;
My Little Sin would go to sleep.
To save my soul I could not keep
My graceless mind on it.

So, up I got in anger
And took a book I had,
And put a ribbon in my hair
To please a passing lad.
And "One thing there's no getting by;
I've been a wicked girl," said I.
"But if I can't be sorry, why
I might as well be glad."

—From "Some Figs from Thistles"
by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

A CORNER IN BAD EGGS

A tall, nervous-looking man rushed into a grocer's shop in Vancouver.

"Sell me all the stale eggs you have," he demanded.

"Well, I don't usually sell stale eggs," said the grocer, "but I could let you have some if you—

"I must have all you've got."

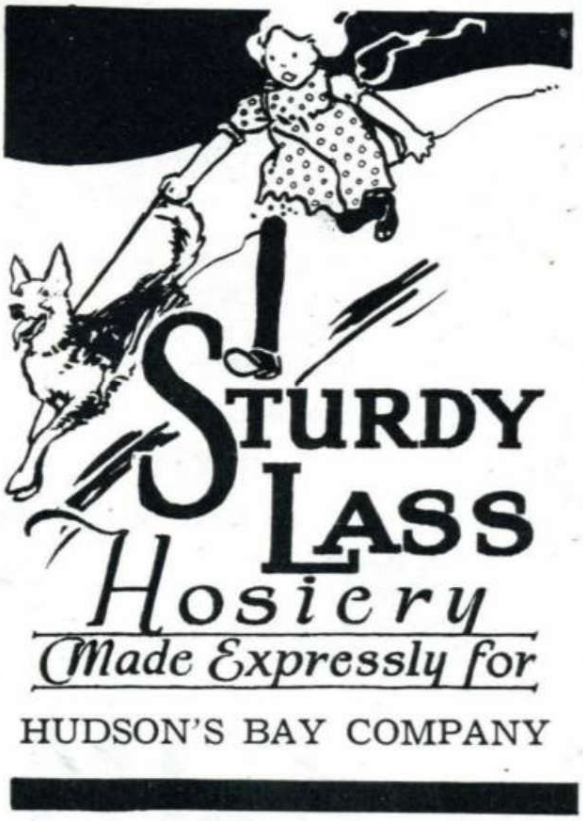
"I suppose you're going to see 'Hamlet' at the Opera House tonight," said the grocer, knowingly.

"Hush!" said the stranger, glancing around nervously, "I am Hamlet."

H.B.C. Baseball Club started off well with several smashing victories to its credit, but the last game or two it allowed its opponents to get in stride too soon, and the game ended in a win for the opponents. We're sticking behind the club to a man, and we're going to continue giving it our moral support, but we want it to win.

Miss Emma Morris is to be married on the 30th June to Mr. Arthur Stiff. The ceremony will take place at the bride's home at Langley Prairie. After the wedding, the happy couple will motor to Seattle, spending their honeymoon in the Sound cities.

Miss A. K. Smith and Miss K. Currie are still in Europe purchasing on the Company's collective policy plan for the different stores.



Surprise Party

A very enjoyable evening was spent last month at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, when the elevator girls and a number of their friends visited them. The evening was spent in games, singing and dancing. Very appropriate music was rendered by Miss Bridle, Miss Theanda and Mr. Clarige, while solos were rendered by Miss Whatmough and Mr. Saunders. Others present were Mr. Emerson, Miss Rydell, Mr. Fred Saunders, Mr. Wheelock, Mr. McArthur, Mr. Smith, Miss Smith, Miss Crockett, Mr. McWilliams, Mrs. Rydell, Mrs. McConnel and Miss Keen.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Clarke, of 11th Avenue west, entertained on Wednesday evening, May 16th. The feature of the evening was a kitchen shower in honor of Miss J. M. Jameson, whose marriage takes place June 26th. Those present were: Miss V. Prendergast, Miss B. Stobb, Miss Draper, Miss M. Meakin, Miss Campbell, Miss Orr, Miss Ellis, Miss M. Smut, Miss F. Clauson, Miss G. M. Beaty, Miss J. M. Jameson, Miss Pope, Miss Johnstone and Miss Cairnes.

W. E. Almas has returned from an extensive purchasing trip in the East where he bought a number of desirable lines at reduced prices.

Milk to Drink and Cook With Wherever You Are!

Klim is simply pure, fresh cow's milk without the water. Replace the water and you will have milk exactly the same as if it came fresh from a dairy. Klim is easily transported, weighs only one-eighth as much as liquid milk, and will keep fresh and sweet for months.

Write for samples.

CANADIAN MILKPRODUCTS LIMITED

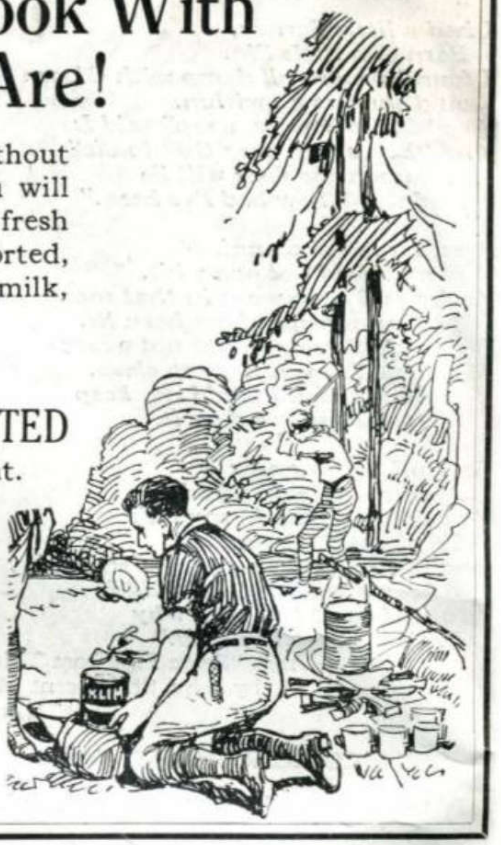
347 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont.

366 St. Paul Street West
Montreal, P.Q.

428 Main Street
Winnipeg, Man.

British Columbia Distributors: Kirkland & Rose, 130 Water Street, Vancouver, B.C.

KLIM



In Case of Disability

Among other Great-West Life features is the Monthly Income Disability Clause which may be added at a very small extra charge. It provided in addition to waiving future premiums, a monthly income of $10.00 per month for every thousand dollars of insurance during total and permanent disability.

Would you like to have full particulars?

The Great West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "D-30" **Head Office: WINNIPEG, CANADA**